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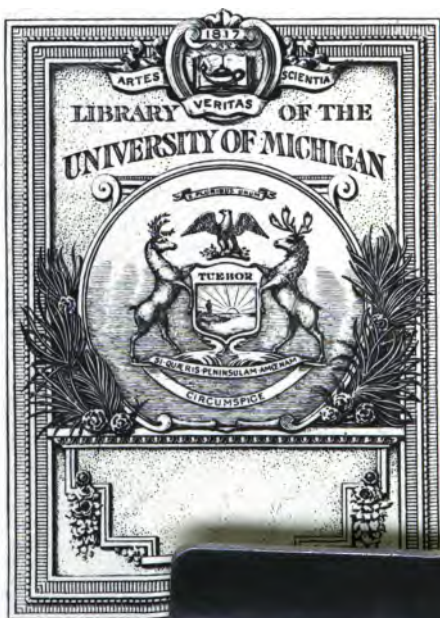
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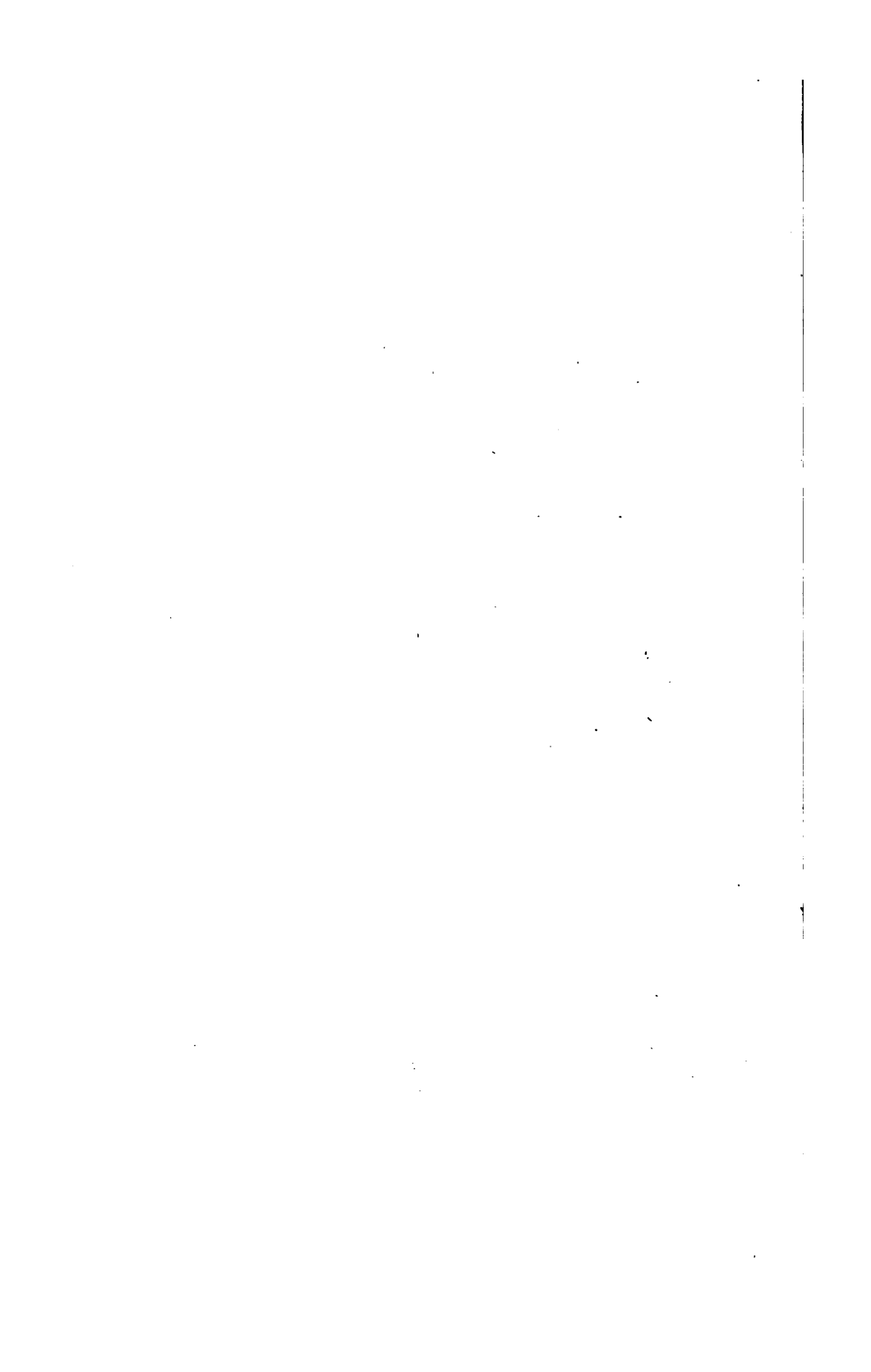


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Sketched by Lady Chatterton.

Drawn by Hugh Little to the Queen.

EXTON CHURCH, RUTLANDSHIRE.

Published by Saunders & Otley, Conduit St 1841

CRITICAL FLIGHTS

BY FADY CHELSEA

OF THE EMPIRE OF THE EAST
A ROMANCE

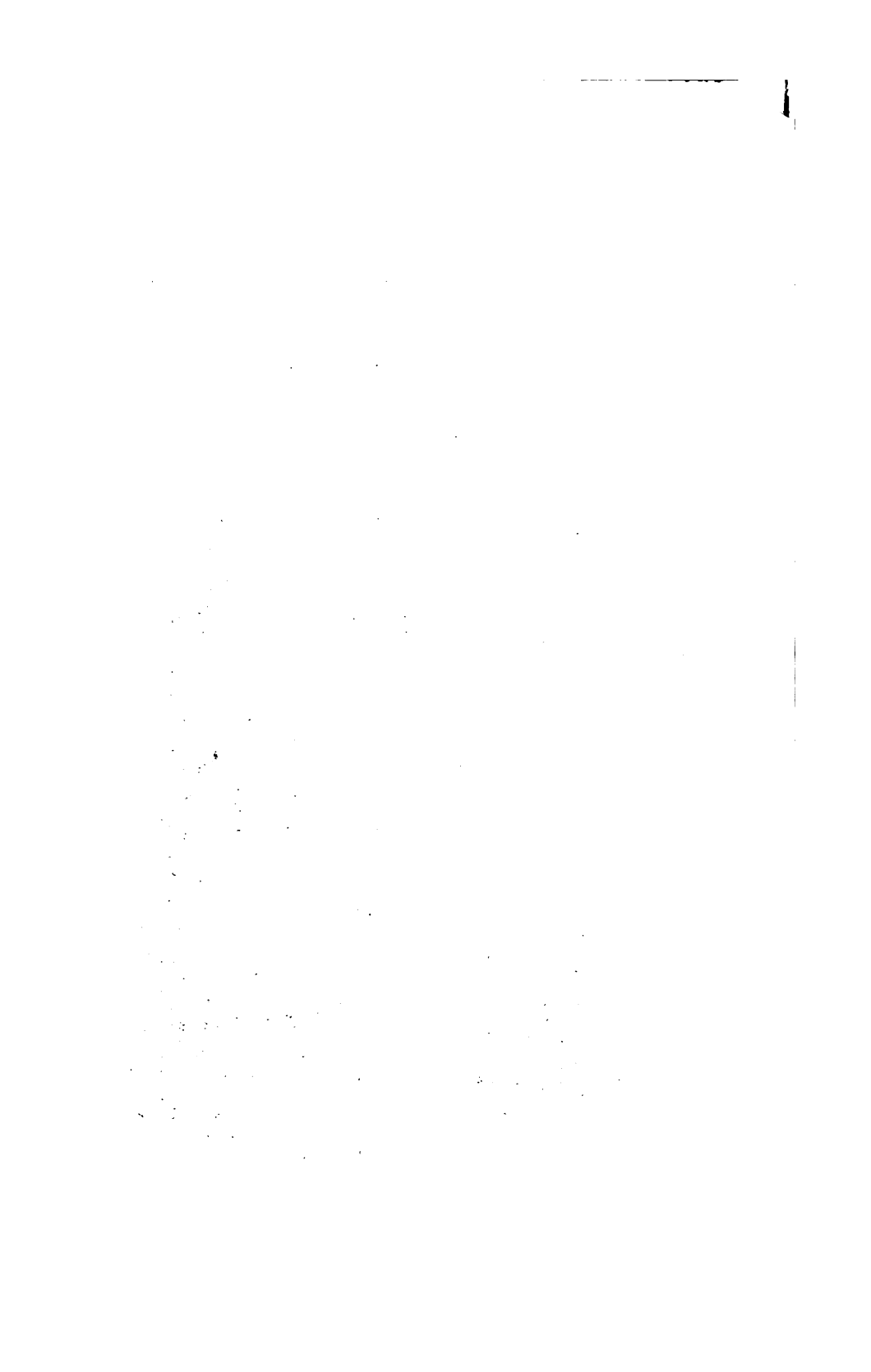
CRITICAL FLIGHTS

VOLUME I.

LONDON.

SAUNDERS AND O'BRYEN, 1841.

1841.



*Chatterton, Henrietta Georgiana Marcia
- Lascelles (Fremonger)*

HOME SKETCHES

AND

FOREIGN RECOLLECTIONS.

BY LADY CHATTERTON,

AUTHOR OF "RAMBLES IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND,"
"A GOOD MATCH," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

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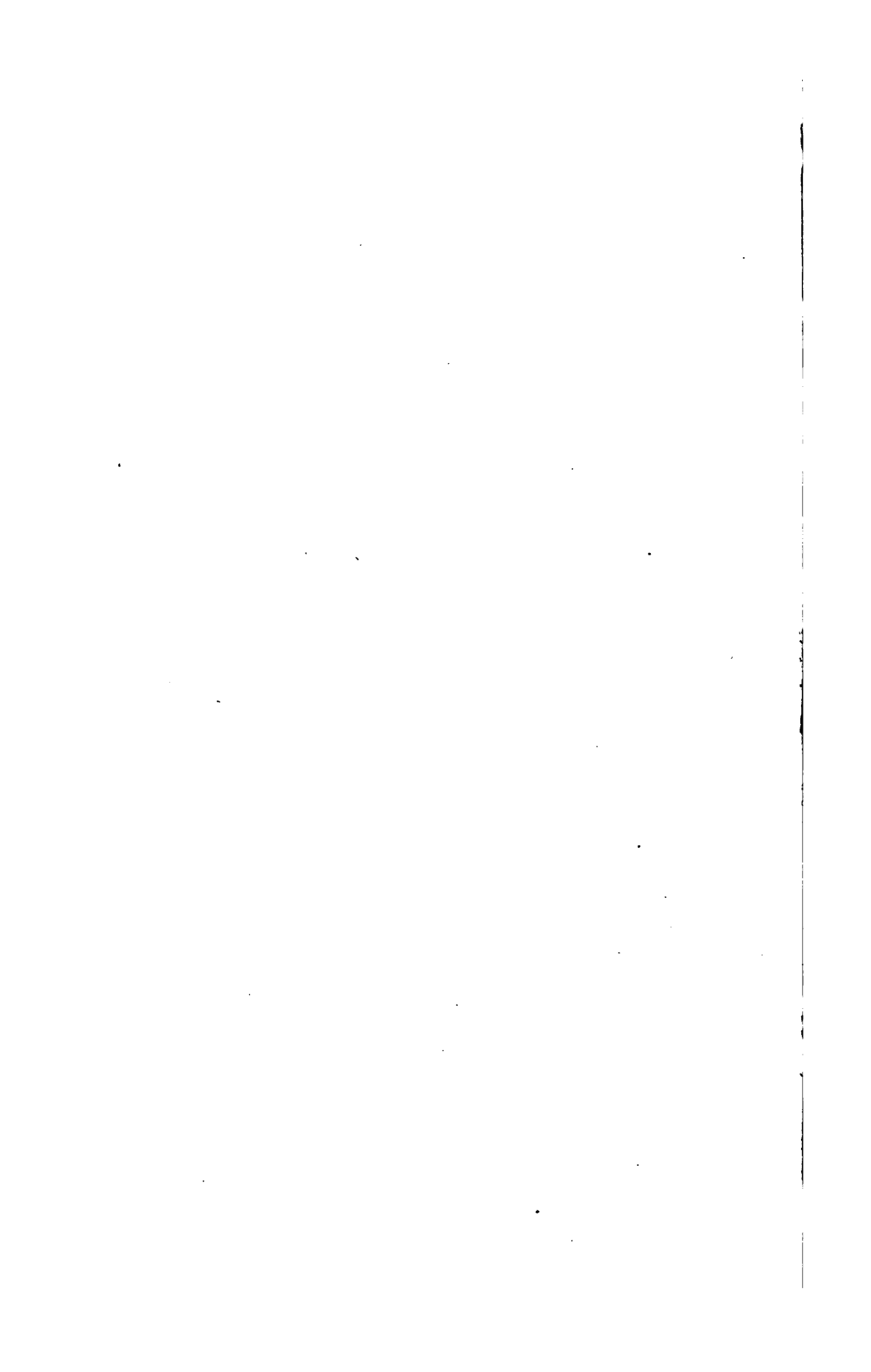
ADVERTISEMENT.

IN publishing my “Rambles in the South of Ireland,” I had a specific purpose, as mentioned in the advertisement; and perhaps the best reason that can be assigned for the appearance of these Sketches, is the favourable reception which that work experienced.

I venture to hope that of the many who kindly followed my guidance in the “Green Island,” a few at least will be found not unwilling to accompany me through some of the fair scenes of my native country, and to touch once more upon Irish ground in our flight to other lands.

G. C.

London, February, 1841.



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HOME SKETCHES,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

A Village in Hampshire—The Cottage near the Mill, or
Death and Sleep.

W— Priory, Hampshire.—To-day I went to re-visit some of my old haunts in the village of C——, and along the banks of that clearest of all rivers, the Ant. Though the country in this part of Hampshire is as ugly as well can be, yet there is a pretty rural look about most of the villages. They are generally situated in a narrow valley on the banks of one of those streams whose clear waters contain the greenest water-cresses

and finest trout in England: a few scattered fruit trees adorn the cottage gardens, and rows of poplar and willow border the meadows which skirt the river. This sounds far from picturesque; yet the whole scene looks comfortable and almost pretty. The whitewashed cottages are scrupulously clean, their thatched roofs in the highest order, and the gardens well kept and full of flowers and vegetables.

As a child, my favourite cottage was one near the bridge. It was older and looked more venerable than the rest, and it joined on to a building which had formerly been a cloth mill, but was no longer used. The little garden sloped down to that part of the river which had originally turned the wheel of the mill. The water was deep in that spot; and though it flowed gently by the side of the beds of bachelor's buttons and roses, which the inmates of the cottage kept in the trimmest order, yet a little farther on it dashed impetuously down the dam, and sent up its white spray on the old wheel which time had covered with green moss. Opposite the little walk which led to the back

door of the cottage, a narrow plank was placed across the stream, to communicate with the field on the opposite side, that belonged to the cottagers. The plank is there still, though the garden no longer exists, and the cottage seems gone to ruin—I looked with a sort of shuddering interest on that old plank, for it was the memorial of a sad and touching story.

When I was quite a child, that cottage was inhabited by a youthful and happy pair.—William Bevis was an honest and hardworking labourer, and so tall and well-made that we always fancied he must be descended from the great Saxon giant Bevis, whose effigy, with that of his antagonist Ascopart, may still be seen on the ancient gateway at Southampton. His wife was handsome too, and of the same truly Saxon cast of feature and complexion. They had one little girl, a sweet lovely creature. I well remember its bright blue eyes, and the sunny look of affection with which it greeted the doating father on his return from work of an evening. Indeed, every thing about the cottage, in those days of early love, appeared so cheerful and delightful

that scarcely an evening past that we did not visit it.

About three years after their marriage, and just as Dame Bevis was expecting to become a mother again, her husband fell ill of the ague. The usual remedies were tried, but fever succeeded, and soon the remains of William Bevis were borne to their last resting place. His wife attended the funeral; and oh! how sad it was to see a countenance so formed for joy now wearing the impress of the deepest woe. I could scarcely believe it was the same person, for I had never before seen the sudden ravages of grief marked on a loved and well known face. How dreadful death must be to cause such sorrow, thought I, and with what indifference she now looks on her pretty little girl, who was pulling her dress, and all unconscious of her loss, endeavouring to obtain the wonted attention and caresses of her mother.

The widow remained for some time gazing in speechless agony on the grave; but at last, with a quiet resigned look, more touching than clamorous woe, she turned away and went to her

desolate home. A few days afterwards she gave birth to a son ; and the little William, who was the very image of his lost parent, was the first object which recalled a smile to the poor woman's countenance.

We left Hampshire for some time, and when we returned little William had become a lovely boy of two years old. This, above all others, is the time when childhood is most engaging and prettiest ;—when unconscious infancy is passing into a more observant and talking age, yet before the child has lost any of the natural gracefulness of youth, which, at a more advanced period, often changes into awkward shyness.

This boy was the very joy of his mother's heart ; and my former friend, the little Margaret, had become a thoughtful and steady-looking child of five. The sunny look her face formerly wore, seemed transferred to her fair brother's countenance ; for though too young to remember much about her father, yet the sight of a mother's woe, and the change from a happy home to one where sadness had shed its depressing influence, had probably quelled in some measure

the buoyant spirit of joy which once shone in her every movement.

Little Margaret's fondness for her young brother was very touching. The quick glances of her blue eyes seemed always to be watching over him, and her little hand was ever ready to support his tottering footsteps. He was a high-spirited child, and as his mother said, "tedious venturesome," and if it was not that little Margaret never left him a moment he would get into mischief as soon as her back was turned. "Howsomdever, he is a good child as ever lived, and as like his poor dear father in every thing as that ere rose bud is to the full blown flower. May God bless him, for certain sure 'twas his eyes that seemed first to bid me wipe my tears," continued the widow, as she gazed on her boy, with an expression of radiant happiness, which was blended with the look of care that had never left her features since the poor man's death.

The widow was very poor, for she had the true old-fashioned spirit in her, which scorned to receive assistance from the parish, and the children were both too young to allow of her

doing much work. It was autumn, and the yellow fields were filled with gleaners ; so Dame Margaret thought she would go one day and try to pick up some corn. She did not take the children, for the measles were about in the parish, and she was afraid they might catch the disorder from some of the groups who remained all day in the fields.

At an early hour in the morning, with many earnest charges to little Margaret to take care of the darling boy and herself, and on no account to go near the water, the widow left her cottage. It was the first time she had been an hour away from the children, and as she said, her heart felt "all in a flutter like the whole day long," and she hardly knew what she was about.

During the morning the children amused themselves very well in the house ; but after they had taken their dinner, William began to cry for some flowers that were in the garden. Margaret said afterwards, that she tried to remind her little brother that they had promised mammy not to go outside the door, and so he must stop till she came home. The little fellow,

with true infantine spirit of contradiction, cried more for the flowers when he found he must not have them ; so poor Margaret, who could not bear to see a tear on her darling brother's countenance, said she would go and get them for him, if he promised to sit quiet till she returned.

" I go too, I go too !" said the resolute boy ; and before she was aware of his purpose, he had forced open the little low door (which unluckily was not fastened), and ran into the garden. Margaret followed as quickly as possible ; but the little fellow, probably afraid of being brought back, dashed down the walk which led to the water, and mounted on the narrow plank.

" Oh William !" cried Margaret, darting after him. The little boy looked back, and smiled with triumphant glee ; but at the same time proceeded to run across the dizzy plank. He saw not where he trod, and making a false step, fell into the water.

" Oh William !—oh mammy !—what shall I do ?" cried poor Margaret. It was near the opposite bank where the child had fallen in ; and

the water not being so deep in that part as in the middle of the stream, Margaret ran across, and jumped in after him.

With the energy of despair she grasped at the child's dress, and succeeded in dragging him out. She carried him home: he did not speak, but as she afterwards said, he seemed to smile at her just as he did every night when he went to sleep. And so the little girl thought he had now fallen asleep; and she undressed him, and put dry things on, and laid him in the cradle near the fire, for he felt very cold. And there she sat rocking him all the evening; and when her mother came home, she made a sign with her finger, that the widow might step lightly across the room, "for little brother is fast asleep."

"The darling boy—God bless his little heart!" said Dame Bevis; "but Lord ha' mercy! what's the matter with you, child—you are dripping wet—where have you been, eh?"

Margaret coloured, and looked frightened, for she knew they had disobeyed mammy's orders;

but she was accustomed to tell the truth, so she said, "Dear mammy, don't be angry—I couldn't help it; but Willy would run out and over the plank, and he fell into the water; but I got him out very soon, and he has been so sound asleep ever since!"

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the widow—and snatching up the little boy from his cradle, found that her darling child was dead!

We saw poor Dame Bevis soon after this sad event: I will not attempt to describe her look, for it makes me melancholy to think of it, even now. And poor little Margaret!—this last blow seemed utterly to crush every feeling of joy in her heart. She was pale as death; and the large tears coursed each other down her shrunk cheeks, unheeded and unseen by her once doting mother.

They soon quitted the scene of so much misery, and went to a distant part of the county. I have never seen them since; but I have heard occasionally that Dame Bevis is gaining an honest livelihood, and has taken great pains with

her daughter's education. I therefore hope that the intensity of former sufferings, of past woe, cast no blighting influence over their future lives.

Many such "simple annals" as the above did this visit to C— village recal to my mind; and I always remember with pleasure, that on the banks of this river Ant, Isaac Walton wrote some of his beautiful descriptions. The nightingales, and a great variety of singing birds abound in this homely place; and here, two hundred years ago, he may have penned the following lines:

"The nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, 'Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?'"

Of these clear Hampshire streams, Howitt says—

“The water is so transparent, that it looks rather like condensed air, in which Isaac Walton’s beloved trouts sail about as plainly to the eye as the birds are on the boughs which overhang it.”

CHAPTER II.

Visit to Richmond—Chaucer's Poems—Historical Recollections.

“RICHMOND Park!” I hear you exclaim; “how cockneyish this sounds—surely nothing new can be told us about Richmond Park—one is quite sick of it!” Have a little patience, and I will show you that you are mistaken.

In the first place, very few people have seen the prettiest parts of Richmond Park; I mean few of those who go there on pleasure-parties, and who have but a faint idea of the lovely scenery of its more retired spots. We went with a lady who is acquainted with every inch of the park, and has sketched all its prettiest views. She first took us to Lord S——’s Lodge, and before we entered the house, we rambled

over some of the woody glades and lovely heights which surround it.

I confess there was something of a Cockney feeling in the intense enjoyment which the scene afforded me; the delight I experienced from the fresh smell of wild flowers and songs of birds, may have been considerably encreased by having passed the last nine months in London.

The whole scene brought to my mind some descriptions by Chaucer, who may have written them in that very spot, as he was much favoured by Queen Anne, wife of Richard II.; and his book too was directed to be given the queen at "Eltham or at Sheen," as Richmond was then called.

" And by a rivir forth I gan costie'
Of water clere as birell or cristall.
Till at the last I found a little weie
Toward a parke, enclosid with a wall,

And in I went to here the birdis sing,
While on the braunchis both in plain and vale
So loude ysang that all the wode yrong

Like as it should shivir in pecis smale;
 And as methoughtin that the nightingale
 With so great might her voice began out wrest,
 Right as her harte for love would all to brest.

The soile was plain and smoth, and wondir soft,
 All oversprad with tapettes, that nature
 Had made herself, coverid eke aloft
 With bowis grene, the flouris for to cure,
 That in ther beautie thei maie long endure."*

I felt as he describes in that prettiest of his poems, "The Floure and the Leafe:"

"And I that all these plesaunt sightis se,
 Thought suddainly I felt so sweet an air
 Of the eglenterè, that certainlie
 There is no hert (I deme) in such dispair,
 Ne yet with thoughtis froward and contraire
 So overlaid, but that it should sone have bote
 If it had onis felt this savour sote. [sweet]

The following lines also describe most vividly the sights and sounds of Richmond park, even as I now found them.

* The Complaint of the Black Knight.

" Every tre well fro his fellow grew,
 With braunchis brode ladin with leavis new,
 That sprongin out agen the sonnè shene,
 Some very rede, and some a glad light grene,
 Which (as me thought) was a right plesaunt sight ;
 And eke the birdis songis for to here,
 Would have rejoisid any erthly wight.
 And I, that couth not yet in no manere
 Herin the nightingale of all the yere,
 Full busily herk'nid with hert and ere,
 If I her voice could perceve any where :

There sawe I growing eke the freshe hauthorne
 In white motley, that so sote doeth ysmell ;
 Ashe, firre, and oke, with many a young acorn,
 And many a tre mo than I can tell.
 And me beforne I sawe a little well,
 That had his course, as I could wele beholde,
 Undir an hill, with quicke stremis and colde,
 The gravill gold, the watir pure as glasse,
 The bankis rounde the well environing,
 And soft as velvet was the yongè grasse
 That there upon lustilie came springyng,
 The sute of trees aboutin compassyng
 Ther shadowe cast, closying the well arounde,
 And all the herbis growyng on the grounde.

And at the last a path of litil brede
I found, that greatly had not usid be,
For it forgrowin was with grass and wede;
And so I followed till it me brought
To a right plesaunt herbir wel ywrought."

But I must stop ; though I could go on for ever describing these more unfrequented parts of Richmond park, in Chaucer's words.

We then returned to the keeper's lodge, and from the drawing-room windows looked over the fine view which they command. This lodge was given to Lord S—— by George III. ; and it is said that soon afterwards he called one morning to see if his favourite minister was comfortable there. "You have got no pictures," said the good-natured king ; "I must send you Charlotte and myself ; and you have got no garden either ;" upon which George III. ordered one to be made immediately, and also offered sixty acres to be enclosed besides, which, however, Lord S—— refused. The portraits, with some other interesting pictures, now adorn the walls of the drawing-room ;

and the garden, on which it looks, is worthy of its royal designer.

I looked with great pleasure on the fine portrait of George III. on horseback, by Sir W. Beechy ; another copy of the same picture used to adorn the great hall at S——, and is associated with some of the happiest days of my childhood. I was accustomed, too, in those days, to hear the “dear old king,” as he was called, commended and admired by those I loved, who were all warmly attached to him. And thus my earliest impressions are much in favour of the old king, now so frequently abused ; and though I may be wrong, yet I still cling with blind constancy to my early and pleasant impressions. It makes one so much happier, also, to love rather than find fault with those who are no more.

In one respect the picture differs from the one I remember, and also from the original at Hampton Court ; the subject is the inspection of the 10th hussars, the prince of Wales’s regiment, by the king. It is singular enough, that in this copy the figure of the prince is omitted,

which was done by the king's desire, and is a striking and rather comical proof of the dislike which he felt towards his son. When the prince became king, he dined here, and remarked to Lord S—— that his portrait had been omitted, and hinted that it ought to be restored. This, however, was evaded, and the copy remains in its original state.

In this lodge there is a small table, which will some day become of great interest to antiquarians, and all those who venerate the memoirs of important events in history. Before the battle of Trafalgar Lord Nelson dined here; and as he and Lord S—— sat at this table after their tête-à-tête dinner, they talked over the approaching campaign. A little wine had been spilt on the table, and in it, with his finger, Lord Nelson traced his plan of attack, and how he proposed to break the enemy's line.

On our way through the park, we passed near the mound upon which Henry VIII. is said to have mounted, to catch the first glimpse of the rocket, which was to be sent up from the tower to announce the execution of Anne Boleyn.

We afterwards drove to the town of Richmond, and leaving our carriage, wandered for some time along the bank of the Thames. The loveliness of that view is indeed well known, and is probably associated in most Londoners' minds with some of the happiest moments of their lives. The scene has, to me, a more Italian and *dolce far niente* look than any other that England affords. The coloured barges, with their gay flags, the numerous parties of pleasure, the pretty villas, have a real summer and holiday air, which is not often seen in this business-like and matter-of-fact country.

Fortunately, my antiquarian friend, Mr. Croker, was of the party, and shewed us the ruins of the old palace of Richmond; and we traversed many narrow and intricate alleys and turnings in our way from the river to the ancient abode of England's kings.

I had no idea so much of the palace still remained. While making a sketch of the old entrance, I reflected on the various fortunes of those who dwelt in this place in days of yore.

The first picture which presented itself to my

And, finally, the
most important thing to
remember is that
the only way to
succeed is to
keep trying.

It is
in the
endurance of
those who do not
quit that we find
the true strength of
the human spirit.

The only way to succeed is to keep trying.



Sketched by Lady Chatterton, & Hawkins, del.

THE REMAINS OF THE OLD PALACE OF RICHMOND, SURREY.

Published by Saunders & Otley, Condover St 1844.

Dog & Hagle look on the Queen

And so, we

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Sketched by Lady Chatterton, & Hawkins, lith.

THE REMAINS OF THE OLD PALACE OF RICHMOND, SURREY.

Published by Saunders & Oles, Condent St 1844.

Drawn by H. Hughes, Lith. to the Queen.



imagination was that of a handsome young man attired in the costume of the 14th century. He was seated on a throne at the raised end of a gorgeous chamber, whose arched roof and painted glass windows, were of the most highly decorated style of gothic architecture. His air was expressive of command; but the haughty curl of his finely chiselled lip, and a somewhat stern expression in his high forehead, were tempered by the benevolent glances which occasionally beamed in his dark eyes.

He was surrounded by a noble retinue, whose looks were expressive of admiration, and even of a warmer feeling, as they gazed upon the youth, and listened to his every word, with as much deference as if he had uttered oracles. Shouts of joy were heard without the palace, and now and then a voice called louder than the rest, "Long live our gracious king!—long live the valiant Edward III!"

This was in the days of our third Edward's glory, before he had done anything to forfeit the warm affections of his subjects. And that they loved him well was shewn by the device

engraven on his coronation medal. It was that of the prince crowned, laying his sceptre on a heap of hearts, with the motto "*Populo dat jura volente.*"

Glorious indeed was Edward's reign; perhaps the fifty years of his sway were the most glorious England ever knew, and he lived to see his own valour nobly imitated by his renowned son, the hero of Cressy and Poitiers, Edward the Black Prince. But he lived also to witness the premature death of that son; and worse still, he lived till those good feelings which made the beginning of his reign so glorious, became perverted. Even when his valiant son was dying, the king became so far insensible to the young hero's fate, as to be induced by his mistress, Alice Perrers, to cause a gay tournament to be held in her honour, where she presided as Lady of the Sun.

But Edward III. was fearfully punished; in his last moments he was deserted by all his friends. His wife was dead, his children contending with each other; and as death drew near, he was abandoned even by the guilty

favourite for whom he had sacrificed a nation's love.

Here in this old palace (then called Sheen) the dying monarch was brought, despoiled of his kingly raiment, and even the rings stripped from his fingers, and the jewels from his person, by his base mistress. A few hired menials were the only attendants in the castle, and these seemed aware they had nothing more to gain from the once renowned king. And so, in his last hour, Edward was left alone.

An old friar chanced to pass through the court-yard, and the groans of the royal sufferer met his ear. The doors were open; no guards were there to attend the redoubted hero of Cressy. The monarch, whose very name once inspired terror to the whole of Christendom, was now approached, without difficulty, by the poor old monk. And thankful was he, too, for the visit of the holy friar. The words of peace and hope which he spoke, were not lost upon the forsaken king. He eagerly grasped the cross which the friar held up, and while the tears

rolled down his aged cheeks, he uttered the word "Jesus!" and expired.

These two pictures, which memory called up of the brilliant youth and melancholy end of the most renowned of our proud Plantagenets, made me think of the total uselessness of every earthly advantage to ensure happiness. But a brighter scene then passed before me—a beautiful young girl, Anne of Bohemia, who came from distant Germany to wed our second Richard, the grandson of that Edward who expired in this palace.

It was of this lovely and good queen that our early poet Chaucer wrote.

"She is the clerenesse and the very light,
That in this derké world me windeth and ledeth.
The hert within my wofull brest you dredeth,
And loveth so sore, that ye ben verily
The maistris of my wit, and nothing I;
My worde, my workes so knit are in your bonde,
That as an harpe obeyith to the honde,
And makith it sounne aftir his fingiring,
Right so mowe ye out of mine herté bring
Such voice, right as ye list to laugh or pain.
Be ye my guide, and ladie sovereign;—

As to mine yerthly God, to you I call, •
Both in this worke as in my sorrowis all."

Under the type of the daisy, which seems to have been the favourite emblem of this queen, he lauds her in many of his poems.

"The daisie or els the eye of the daie,
I n'am up and walking in the mede,
To sene this floure ayenst the sunné sprede,
Whan it upriseth erly by the morrowe.
That blissful sight softinith all my sorowe;
Als she that is of all flouris the floure,
Fulfillid of all vertue and honoure.*

* I have quoted so much from Chaucer because it seems to me that his merits as a beautiful describer of nature are not very well known, and that the disagreeable things in some of his best tales, prejudice many against his poems. Perhaps I was first led to seek the pleasant parts of his poems by accidentally taking up a volume one day, when I stumbled upon the following lines, which express so exactly my own feelings, both as to books and song of birds.

"And as for me though that I can but lite
On bokis for to read I me delite,
And to 'hem yeve I faith and full credence,
And in mine herte have 'hem in revèrence

The memory of this fair Queen should be venerated by all true protestants as being the first person who encouraged the translation of the Bible into English. When Wickliffe arrived in England, in endeavouring to diffuse the knowledge of the Scriptures, he triumphantly referred to the "Queen, as possessing the gospels written in three languages,"* Bohemian, German, and Latin; and he argued that in rendering the Scriptures available to all, he did but that which the Queen herself approved.

She is also said "to have diligently studied the Holy Scriptures, and made them her daily meditation." This Queen brought in the fashion of long trains, peaked shoes, and those strange looking horned head-dresses which we see on

So hertily, that there is gamè none
That fro my bokis makith me to gone,
But it be seldome, on the holie day,
Save certainly whan that the month of Maie
Is comin, and I here the foulis sing,
And that the flouris ginning for to spring."

* See page 223 of 2nd vol. of History of the Queens of England, a very interesting work by Miss Laurance.

the monuments of that day. She also first introduced the use of the side-saddle into England, which must have been a most decided improvement in the customs of our fair ancestors.

Again I fancied her returning from a chase in the neighbouring woods, attended by the poet Chaucer, and surrounded by valiant youths and courtly maidens; but time passed—a few short joyous years—and the beloved Queen lay on her bed of death. Her young husband, King Richard, kneels at her side. He prays with heartfelt agony, and commands that petitions be offered up in all the churches. The people pray for the gentle Queen, who was ardently loved; the monks fast and recite masses, but all in vain. The young creature is cut off in the flower of her days; but we may confidently hope her death was blissful, and she thus escaped witnessing the misfortunes and cruel end of her husband. So great was the despair of Richard at the loss of his wife, that in the first paroxysm of woe he commanded the entire demolition of the suite of apartments in which she died.

This gave rise to the belief that he actually caused the whole palace to be destroyed.*

* It was rebuilt by Henry V., and rendered a "delightful mansion, of curious and costly workmanship, and befitting the character and condition of a King." Edward IV. gave it to his wife, Elizabeth Woodville; and on her death her son-in-law, King Henry, took possession of it, and frequently lived there. In 1492 he held a grand tournament. On the 21st of December 1498, while the King was here, the splendid structure was destroyed by fire, with all the apparel, plate, and jewels that it contained. Henry VII. was much attached to the situation, and rebuilt the palace in 1501, in a style of much gothic magnificence. On this occasion he changed the name of the place, hitherto Shene, to Richmond, his own title previous to his accession. The ancient name of this place was probably derived from the Saxon word Sciene (Schein); yet not on account of the splendor reflected on it by the neighbourhood of a palace, as some have supposed, for it was so named before our princes appear to have resided here; but rather from its conspicuous situation, standing as it does on a considerable eminence on the east bank of the Thames. (See Beauties of England and Wales, by Shobert). "The picture of Henry V. and family, in the Earl of Orford's collection at Strawberry Hill, was an altar-piece for the chapel here, &c." The building had not long been finished, when in 1506 a second fire broke out and did much damage. In the same year a new gallery, in which the King and the Prince his son had been

The venerable yew tree under whose shade I was sitting, is said to have been planted by Queen Elizabeth. Amid these old walls that celebrated Queen must have experienced some of the most thrilling emotions of her life. Here she was imprisoned during the reign of Mary; but it was afterwards her favorite residence, and we may therefore conclude that her happiest days were spent within its walls.

Here it was that she forgot for a moment all the dignity of a Queen, and felt and gave way to the passions of a tender-hearted yet violent woman. In this palace it was, that she is said to have received from the old Countess of Nottingham the ring which she had given to Essex, and which she desired him to send in any moment of danger as a proof of his submission, pro-

walking a few minutes before, fell down. In 1506, Philip I. of Spain, being driven by a storm upon the English coast, was entertained at Richmond with great magnificence; and here, in 1509, Henry VII. died.

Henry VIII. kept the following Christmas here, and held a tournament; his son of his own name was born and died here. Charles V. was lodged here in 1523. It was given to the divorced Anne of Cleves in 1541.

missing that no evil should happen to him afterwards. The old Countess, from some sinister design against the unfortunate Essex, did not give the ring to Elizabeth. Essex was therefore executed; but on her death-bed the old Countess delivered the important jewel to the Queen.

Elizabeth is said to have been so furious at not having received it in time to spare the life of her favorite, that she shook the dying Countess on her bed, and exclaimed: "God may forgive you, but I never can." This story is better known than perhaps any incident in English history, and yet its truth is now questioned. I am less than ever inclined to disbelieve it, now that I have seen the old place where the scene is said to have occurred. The proud Queen died here; and the following lines were written on the removal of her body to Whitehall by water preparatory to her funeral.

The Queen was brought by water to Whitehall.
At every stroke the oars did tears let fall;
More clung about the barge. Fish under water
Wept out their eyes of pearl, and swum blind after.

I think the bargemen might with easier thighs
Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes;
But howsoe'er, thus much my thoughts have scann'd,
She'd come by water, had she come by land.

It was in this palace that Charles I. formed that celebrated collection of pictures which Waagen describes in his history of paintings and artists in England. He says of Charles I.—

“This Prince had a peculiar love for the fine arts, united with a discriminating taste, and spared neither trouble nor expense. He succeeded in forming a collection of pictures, so rich in chefs d'œuvre of Raphael and his contemporaries, that it was not only the best collection of that period, but such a one as could scarcely find its equal in modern days.”

As prince he already began this collection, which was considerably increased on the death of his elder brother Prince Henry, who was also a great lover of the arts. The king greatly enriched it by his purchase from the Duke of Mantua—which very probably was effected by the Duke of Buckingham about the year 1627

or 1628. For the pictures thus acquired Charles paid £80,000, a very considerable sum of money in those days. After the murder of Charles I. this noble collection was sold by public auction, and with jewels and curiosities fetched £118,080. 10s. 2d. It was thus scattered over Europe ; and to it belonged many pictures now considered the chief ornaments of the Royal Galleries at Paris and Madrid. Fortunately Raphael's celebrated cartoons were bought in by Cromwell, for the nation, at £300.

Charles the First caused the wall to be built which now encloses the park, and is about ten miles in circumference. He spent so much upon the embellishment of this his favorite residence, that some attribute the commencement of his misfortunes to the murmurs excited at an expenditure which was considered so extravagant. A description is given in a survey of it by order of the House of Commons in 1649, shewing the grudging and leveling spirit of the age. Amongst other particulars a hall is mentioned one hundred feet long ; a

chapel ninety-six feet long, with stalls as in a cathedral; an open gallery adjoining the privy gardens, two hundred feet long, having a close one of the same length over it. Charles afterwards settled it on his Queen, the interesting Henrietta of France, as her jointure; and Charles II. is said to have been educated here by Bishop Duppa.*

James II. was the last king who lived here; and then the palace was in a ruinous condition, and the greater part of it was soon afterwards taken down. The Pretender is said to have been nursed here; and the initials of his name, with the date of 1688, may still be seen on some of the leaden pipes.

On the site of that part of the palace which was pulled down, and probably built with the same materials, the theatre has been erected.

* In 1650 the palace was sold by the commissioner of the House of Commons, &c.; but in 1660 it was restored to the Queen Dowager. She returned from France, and lived here in 1665; but soon resigned her interest in it to Sir Edward Villiers, father to first Earl of Jersey, by whom it was afterwards released to King James II.

This building is now, like the old palace itself, I believe, fast going to decay; but it was once the scene of much wit and mirth, for here Munden, Mrs. Jordan, and other celebrated actors of that day, often performed.

CHAPTER III.

Associations connected with flowers—The fatal fascinations of the Sea.

Monday, 12th.—A friend has just sent me some beautiful plants, and I have been joyfully placing them in a sunny window. It is long since I have had any plants of my own ; and the idea that they are mine—that their beautiful lives depend on my care—is very delightful. Then their perfume awakens many vivid recollections of early youth. Nothing recalls so forcibly to my mind past scenes as the smell of flowers. I shall relate some of these remembrances, and let each of my sweet flowers tell a story of by-gone days.

WALL-FLOWER ; OR FASCINATIONS OF THE SEA.

The first sweet perfume of spring—humble, cheerful wallflower ! Its fresh smell and gay

look excite in my mind images of peace and happiness enjoyed by old age, after a life of suffering.

In one of the pleasant dells of ——shire, there stands a grey stone house of the Elizabethan period, but not in the grand style of that picturesque age.

It is a small but comfortable-looking abode, fitted for the dwelling of a hospitable family of moderate fortune. A grassy slope runs down from its southern front to the clear river; a wood of fine old trees protects it from the north, and covers the hill which rises behind.

There is no park; but the meadows on the opposite side of the stream are bordered with hedge rows of large oak and beech; and the village, with its venerable church, situated about a quarter of a mile to the right, forms a very pretty picture from the windows of the old house.

The gardens, and a broad terrace leading to them, have remained unchanged since the days of Queen Bess; probably the very same sort of flowers and fruits still flourish there, for though

sweet and beautiful, and of the most luxuriant growth, they are what is now termed common. A row of dark red wallflowers grow close down under the drawing-room windows, and the old deep porch is overshadowed with sweet-briar and jessamine.

Like many places in that primitive county, it is inhabited by a descendant of the same family which first erected its time-stained walls. The arms and crest emblazoned on the painted glass window of the sunny dining-room, and carved over the porch, might have figured on the heavy coach which conveyed the family to church for many generations, and may still be seen on the unpretending chariot which now carries thither the last of its race.

She is an aged woman, and has known much sorrow; but the experiences of no common woe have left only an impression of earnest hope and expectation of joy to come, on her cheering countenance. It is a face which few can look on without feeling both happier and better than they were before.

There is nothing which cheers our course

through the difficulties and evils of life so much as the contemplation of those characters, which, by the aid of true religion, have passed unscathed and unruffled into a green and cheerful old age. Such a one was Mrs. L——, or, as she was generally called by those who knew and loved her, Aunt Mary.

I never visited her peaceful abode without feeling in good humour with the world, and full of hope that, after "fighting the good fight," I should attain to peace and happiness, either in this world or the next. The first thing I remember to have heard her say (when I was quite a child) was a truly sublime and Christian sentiment. When speaking of our hopes of another life, and what would constitute our bliss there, she said, "Well, my idea of happiness is to see every one I know and love the best, enjoying a superior degree of bliss, and that they may all be more honoured than myself. *I wish to be the last and least in Heaven!*"

It was probably at L—— Hall that I first smelt the sweet perfume of wallflower. My heart bounds when I meet with it, because it brings

before me the image of dear Aunt Mary, sitting in her drawing room, surrounded by——. But I will not trust myself to describe that room, or I should never finish. She was not the only dweller in the old house; her niece, an elderly spinster, lived there also.

Sarah D—— was considerably younger than her aunt, but repining grief had given her an appearance of greater age. She had not attained that look of placid benevolence which imparted an almost youthful freshness and simplicity to the old lady's countenance. Yet Sarah D—— was very good; but who could live with such an aunt, and not become imbued with some of the wide-spreading sunshine of her mind?

“Well! what can you have to say about this common country place, and these two old women?—it sounds so very uninteresting.” So it does; and if you met my two heroines in the park or Bond-street, they would pass unnoticed; yet their story is full of interest, though they probably resemble hundreds of elderly and antiquated-looking dames and old maids, that abound in every quarter of this crowded island. And

it may be, that in this common herd which we see every day, there are many just as good and as interesting as my old women—many who have suffered, and struggled through temptations and woes—many, amongst those common place, old-fashioned, perhaps ugly beings, whom, could we but read the secrets of their minds, and know the romance of their history, we should take to our heart, weep with kindly sympathy at their misfortunes, contemplate with admiration their grief-hallowed characters, and make them a model for our own.

Mrs. L—— had been beautiful, and was the sole heiress to the old place and estate where she now dwells. Like most beauties and inheritors of three thousand a-year, she had been loved and wooed by many ere she had attained the age of eighteen. The rich and the noble sought for her hand, but she refused them all, and year after year passed without producing any change in her resolution. However, at the age of three-and-twenty, she married Edward L——, a poor sea-captain, a distant cousin, who from earliest childhood had been dearer to her than any one in the world.

This early affection had grown up on both sides into the warmest love ; yet the young man went to sea, and returned again and again, without ever breathing a word of his passion to the beautiful heiress. I never heard how it was settled at last, but I know that a happier pair never existed than Captain and Mrs. L——. Two years, in which short space a whole life of intense joy seemed concentrated, flitted away. The birth of a beautiful boy had rendered their joy complete, when the war broke out again, and Edward went to sea.

Mary prayed daily and hourly to her heavenly Father for his safety, as she had done years before when no one knew the secret of her heart. Time passed, and she taught her little boy to clasp its hands in adoration, and lisp the dear word “father ;” but her husband did not return.

A battle had been fought, and his name came to her borne on the wings of fame. He had behaved so nobly, that, in the opinion of every one, he merited the highest reward.

Mary’s heart beat high with hope and expectation ; but weeks and even months passed and brought no further intelligence.

After the battle he had never been heard of. For a long time great uncertainty hung over his fate, and his wife alternately hoped and despaired. Months passed on; and this lingering life of fear and expectation would have been utterly insupportable to a person of her intense feelings, had she not been a true Christian. At last came the overwhelming certainty, —he was dead.

“Oh that my child may never be a sailor,” was the widow’s prayer, after the first paroxysm of intense grief was over. I have heard her say, that she suffered more from a vague fear and a strange sort of apprehension that he would wish to become a sailor, than from any real sorrow which ever befel her. She had lived through all the agonizing doubts and fears about her adored husband. God had given her strength to support every sorrow, and the widow shrunk, as she afterwards said, with sinful apprehension from having the same to undergo again.

With trembling haste she removed every painting of a ship from her young child’s gaze;

even a fine model of her husband's vessel, which had hitherto stood in the hall, and his portrait, where he was represented in his naval uniform—these beloved objects which had cheered so many lonely hours—were now placed in an old wainscotted room, which she carefully locked, and kept the key herself.

Apprehension of evil often clouds the mind and bewilders reason, more than positive misfortune :

“Das Ferne, Künftige beängstigt,
Ihr fühlend herz ; was unabänderlich
Und wirklich da ist, trägt sie mit ergebung.”

And so it was with Mrs. L—. She was not only strong-minded, but possessed good judgment; yet under the influence of this fear, she acted unwisely. The child felt there was some mystery connected with the memory of his father. And though aware that he was dead, little Edward could never ascertain why he was not buried in the church among the beautiful old monuments of his relations.

Of all the feelings which act on childhood, none have so much power as mystery : the mind broods over anything mysterious ; every strong feeling is excited by the endeavour to clear it up ; and curiosity, pride, and impatience are brought into active play. "Why should that room be locked up?" was a question little Edward continually asked, but not of his mother. His sensitive, yet somewhat proud nature, shrank from alluding to a subject which he saw she wished to avoid, and hence the concealment of his real thoughts added strength to the passionate curiosity he felt. Though artless by nature, this powerful feeling taught him to be artful.

Now, though Mrs. L— concealed the portrait of her husband from the child, she was continually talking to him of his father. She loved to kindle in his young heart somewhat of the adoration she herself felt for her husband.

One day, when the widow and her son were going to spend the afternoon at a neighbour's house, little Edward feigned a slight illness, in

order to be left at home without his mother. He anxiously waited for her departure ; and as she drove from the door, and he saw the carriage disappear in a turn of the road, he clapped his hands with joy. He had seen a key in his mother's desk, which belonged, as he imagined, to the mysterious room ; of this key he had contrived during the morning to get possession, and on his mother's departure, off he ran to ascertain the point.

His heart beat with the intensity of his feelings, his hand trembled as he turned the key, and he entered the room with a soft and solemn step. A beautiful portrait was the first object which met his eager gaze, and the child felt that he looked upon the likeness of his father.

The widow had often minutely described the features of her husband ; and when the boy now saw the picture, he burst into tears. Every part of the dress in which his beloved parent was drawn—the back ground too, where the sea and some ships of war were represented—became

engraved on his mind. Underneath the picture was a large model of the poor captain's ship, and this interesting object long rivetted the child's attention. At last, fearful of being discovered, he reluctantly withdrew, locked the door, and carefully replaced the key.

And now, why had all this been concealed from him? was the first thought that suggested itself to his mind. Some days afterwards, when he was reading the history of Nelson, he looked at the print of that celebrated man, and taking it to his mother, asked why he was represented in that particular dress.

"That is a naval uniform," said the widow.

The child mused deeply, but said nothing of what engrossed his thoughts; for he felt that if he enquired now about his father, his mother would suspect something. He waited patiently, or rather impatiently (for he never slept that night) till the next day, and then asked as quietly as possible, though his heart beat violently, "Was not my dear father a naval officer?"

"Why do you think so—why do you imagine he was?" enquired Mrs. L—, starting.

"Because — because I fancied — I—" stammered the boy with embarrassment. The mother felt it would be useless to deny any longer a fact which he must learn some day, and therefore replied that her dear husband had been a naval officer.

"Then I will be one too," said little Edward, in a quiet tone, but with a look of firmness and determination far above his years. The widow turned deadly pale; then burying her face in her hands, burst into tears.

"Mother, dearest mother!" exclaimed the now weeping boy. "What have I done?—oh forgive me for making you unhappy—I know I have done very wrong."

"My child, my only darling, if it be the will of God, I must bow down with submission; but, oh! how ardently I have prayed to be spared this trial." She then told him the manner of his father's death, and all the anxieties she had suffered for years, and her fears lest

the only remaining joy she had on earth—her dear boy—should wish to become a sailor.

“I will not, then,” exclaimed Edward; “no, I will never make you unhappy—I will never leave you—I will do every thing you wish, and am determined not to go up and look at the beautiful sea from St. George’s hill any more.”

There was a height at the back of the house, called St. George’s hill, which I before said was covered with fine trees, on one of which (it was a gigantic oak) a sort of rude stair-case, with a seat at the top, had been erected; and from this elevated spot the ocean could be seen in the far distance.

The widow had passed many an anxious hour there, from the time when her husband, quite a boy, had first gone to sea. There she had afterwards watched and prayed with her darling child in her arms, when expecting his return. But since she had learnt with certainty his sad fate, and that her apprehensions were roused lest the boy should inherit his father’s passion for the sea, she had discontinued the practice, and had earnestly endeavoured to

prevent her child from going to that place, and gazing thence on the fascinating element, upon the plea that she feared he would tumble down, as the old steps and seat were much decayed.

It was the only spot for miles round whence the sea was visible, and she had discovered with much sorrow that little Edward was very fond of going there ; he had several times expressed the most enthusiastic admiration for the beautiful glittering thing, which he said on some days, when the sun was shining upon it, looked like a number of soft blue eyes beckoning to him. Often had he implored his mother to take him near to that lovely ocean ; but he now promised he would never again ask her to do so, and that he would believe all the horrors she had often told him about the dangerous element.

Soon after this occurrence, the widow adopted a little girl, the only child of her husband's sister. The mother had lately died, and the child was left to the care of a poor, yet extravagant and thoughtless father. Sarah B— was a year younger than Edward, and very

lovely. An attachment soon grew up between the two children, which the widow watched with delight, for it promised to be as strong and permanent as her own.

She began now to feel some hope that little Edward's love for his cousin would subdue his passion for the sea; and as Sarah was not an heiress, or he a penniless younger son, there would not, when he grew up, be that impediment to a declaration of his love which had so long sealed the lips of her own poor lover.

On the other hand, Sarah's disposition and temper gave the widow some uneasiness and trouble. She was by nature passionate and proud; and had been much spoiled by a fond invalid mother and foolish father, before she came to L— Hall. As she grew up, under the widow's watchful care, her disposition improved, and her love for Edward was so intense as finally to subdue any bad feeling which might have lurked in her heart.

The young people were never parted for a single day, till Edward went to college, and the

grief they then experienced may be easily imagined. Sarah suffered so much from depression of spirits when he was gone, that Mrs. L— began to fear her health would suffer in consequence.

They had hitherto lived very retired ; but now that her children were growing up, Mrs. L— thought it right to see more of her neighbours ; and in order to divert the melancholy of Sarah, she encouraged her intimacy with the daughters of a neighbouring clergyman.

The Miss Eltons were lively, good-humoured girls, and Sarah soon became the companion of their walks and rides. Her sadness quickly vanished, but it was replaced by a look of less softness than usual, in which there was somewhat of pride which Mrs. L— did not quite like to see. Neither her son nor Sarah had spoken of their union ; but Mrs. L— never felt any apprehension that it would not take place.

The summer vacation arrived, and Edward returned to his old home. His mother and Sarah were waiting in the porch to receive him. After he had clasped his delighted mother in his

arms, he turned with ecstasy of joy to Sarah, but she drew back, with some coldness of manner, only giving him her hand, and saying in a quiet tone, "I am very glad to see you, dear Edward."

The words were affectionate enough; but there was something in their tone which made the warm-hearted lover tremble and turn deadly pale. Poor Edward! was this the moment he had looked forward to as the happiest of his life? Absence, with him, had only strengthened into adoration a feeling which had always been love. He had learnt the secret of his heart, and looked forward with rapture to the declaration of his enthusiastic feelings to Sarah.

And now a sudden weight depressed his spirits; the sun-beams, which streamed through the old painted glass windows, were bright as ever, but oh! how cold and dim did they appear to him; everything was provokingly the same as when he left home, but the charm which gave a tinge of happiness to every object, was gone.

The mother's anxious eye saw, during dinner-time, there was something wrong ; the conversation, formerly so joyously unrestrained, now lagged. Sarah said but little, and Mrs. L— thought she discovered traces of tears in the dark brown eyes, which were scarcely raised from the untasted food on her plate. When the meal was ended, Mrs. L— wished to leave the young people alone, but Sarah followed her close ; and it was only when Edward, with a countenance of the greatest anxiety, begged to have a few minutes' conversation with his cousin, that she was induced to remain.

The widow went into the drawing-room full of hope and fear ; she was utterly perplexed at the conduct of Sarah, and those vague apprehensions of ill, which had long vanished from her mind, now returned with startling intensity.

Hours passed ; the sun had sunk behind the old church steeple—but Edward and Sarah did not appear. "This is a good sign," thought Mrs. L—; yet still she trembled. The moon rose calm and clear from behind the tall trees, and she tried to imagine the bliss which the

lovers must be enjoying ; for she remembered the first moonlight walk with her own dear Edward after their love had been declared.

She would not stir from the drawing-room, lest she should meet them, and disturb their blissful tête-à-tête. Ten o'clock struck ; the tea had long been brought in ; still the widow sat in the south window, gazing on the lovely scene without—thinking of past joys, and full of ardent hopes for her son's happiness.

Another hour passed, and she saw a dark form emerge from the grove and cross the broad terrace walk. It was like her son—but he was alone, so it could not be he ; yet she trembled, and prayed more fervently for his happiness.

But it was now very late ; and as they were accustomed to keep early hours, she began to feel some alarm. "They may have imagined I should be gone to bed, and perhaps, therefore, did not come into the drawing-room," thought the widow ; and she went up stairs, resolving to see if her son was in his room.

The door was locked—she gently knocked at

it ; there was no answer. Again, and louder she tapped, when Edward opened it, and clasped her in his arms. "I was afraid," said the widow, "that—that—oh ! my son, you are not happy," exclaimed the poor mother, as she remarked the haggard looks of her son. "Tell me, I beseech you, the truth. There has been some misunderstanding between you?"

"No, indeed, dearest mother ; I am quite—quite happy ; but am rather tired now, so leave me, and I will tell you everything in the morning." He gently drew her towards the door, but with a look of firmness, and she left him with a sad and desponding heart.

She then went to Sarah's room, and contrary to her usual custom, found the door locked. Not wishing to disturb the poor girl, who had looked very ill all day, and certainly had been suffering from some mysterious cause, the widow subdued her impatience to learn what had occurred, and went to bed.

But sleep would not visit her eyelids. Sarah's room was next to hers, and several times she fancied she heard a stifled sob. Oh, that morn-

ing would come ! thought the widow ; for she felt that those two beings who were dearest to her were suffering ; but in vain she conjectured what could be the cause. Tired and weary from anxiety and fear, towards morning she sank into a deep sleep, and did not awake till long after her usual hour.

She started up on finding how late it was ; and hastily dressing, went down into the breakfast-room. No one was there. She searched the other apartments without success, and then the garden, but found neither Sarah nor her son. " They may have gone up to the old seat ; it was their favourite spot," thought the widow ; and putting on her bonnet, she hurried up the hill.

Sarah was there—she was leaning over the seat, and gazing with a countenance of deep sorrow on the distant ocean. On hearing the widow's voice she came down, and endeavoured to brush away the tears which dimmed her eyes.

" My child, my darling Sarah, what has happened ? Speak, I implore you—do not leave me

longer in this dreadful suspense. What have you done, and where is Edward?"

"Perhaps I have done wrong," exclaimed Sarah, throwing herself into the widow's arms—"perhaps—yet no! I am poor, and do not deserve him, and I am sure you will be better pleased."

"Surely you have not rejected his love?" said Mrs. L—; "you must know that I —"

"I did it for the best," exclaimed the sobbing girl; "but I fear it has made him unhappy—and when I now think of his despair—oh, I was wrong, I was proud. Miss Eltons were always quizzing me about my rich lover, and so —"

"Oh, let us hasten to undeceive him. My poor Edward, when I remember his miserable countenance last night, I tremble with fear lest —"

"Lest what?" exclaimed Sarah, now much alarmed. "Yes, let us hasten down and see him."

But Edward could nowhere be found. A day of anxious suspense passed. Servants were despatched all round the country, but no tidings

of him could be heard. Night came, and the poor mother and Sarah sat at the drawing-room window. Mrs. L—— told of all the fears that had harassed her mind the night before, and Sarah's sufferings grew to agony.

The next day passed without any intelligence, but the morning of the third brought a letter by the post. It was from Edward, dated from the ship *Juno* at Portsmouth. It contained expressions of the tenderest affection for his adored mother, and grief to think that he was making her unhappy by his present conduct. But he said that the last night, after Sarah had rejected his love, he went up to St. George's hill; as he gazed on the sea he felt utterly unable to resist the feeling which impelled him, now that his hopes of earthly joy were at an end, to indulge the object of his early and passionate wishes. To Sarah he sent a tender message—he fervently hoped she might be happy, and would daily implore God for blessings on her head.

In less than an hour after the receipt of this letter, the carriage was at the door to convey the anxious mother and Sarah to Portsmouth. They

travelled with the utmost speed, but arrived too late. The Juno had sailed the night before for Corfu !

Letters were written. Sarah declared all the passionate love which had so long lain half concealed. She confessed that pride led her to act in a way opposed to every genuine feeling of her heart—as well as to the dictates of her better sense. She confessed her error, and implored Edward's forgiveness.

Edward received these delightful letters at Corfu, and his happiness was complete. He would serve the two years, and then return to receive the hand of his adored Sarah. So now happiness was, in a great measure, restored to three affectionate hearts, and the mother and Sarah talked with hope of the blissful day when Edward would return.

The two years had passed, and they received a joyful letter from Plymouth. Edward had bought a beautiful yacht, that he might enjoy his passion for the sea with those dear beings he loved most. He intended to sail round to Weymouth, which was only ten miles from

L—— Hall. He would proqably be there almost as soon as they received the letter. So they immediately ordered the carriage and drove to Weymouth. It was a bright but windy day, in October, when Mrs. L —— and Sarah dismounted from the carriage, and stood on a height which commanded a view of the harbour.

The blue sea sparkled brightly in the sunshine, but the foaming waves dashed up against the rocky coast and heights of Portland Island with a loud roar. Some sailors were standing near, and gazing on a little fishing boat which was entering the bay. "She will clear the Race yet," said one of them to another, who looked on with some anxiety.

"Is there any danger?" enquired the widow, turning pale.

"Oh, no! she's safe enough now," said the man; "but many's the boat that goes down yonder in the Race of Portland with this here wind."

"May God protect my son!" murmured the widow, clasping her hands. Sarah spoke not, but she sank down half fainting on a rock, and wept.

"It is there—I see it. Is not that a yacht, just come in sight?" enquired Mrs. F—.

"It is, indeed," said the sailor; "and I would not be in that jimcrack of a thing for twenty pounds this blessed day."

All eyes were now rivetted on the yacht. "The fools!—they are half a mile too near the head," said the sailor. The widow and Sarah gazed with straining eyes, but soon all objects swam before them—they could see nothing, so intense was their fear.

The sailors uttered an exclamation of dismay. The mother tried to look, but nothing met her gaze except the blue sea and the heights of Portland! The yacht had disappeared.

Sarah shrieked with horror, and fell senseless on the ground.

"Go, fly!" exclaimed the widow; "Save, oh, save my son! A hundred—a thousand pounds to the man who can save him!"

The sailors stirred not. "It is impossible," they said; "no boat could live in the Race with this wind."

Was there then no hope?—and were the

anxious prayers, and the tears, and intense love of these two enthusiastic beings, doomed to such a termination?

It was even so. Edward perished. He was cut off at the very moment when every earthly wish was about to be realized, at the very moment when the two strongest passions of his nature were gratified. He was, probably, thinking just before his end, "How much the beloved ones will enjoy a sail in this yacht—how often we shall coast together round these romantic shores!"

He died; and the fond mother, the adoring bride, were left desolate. Poor Sarah was for a long time deprived of reason, and in her ravings she reproached herself as the murderer of Edward. But time at last has soothed, though it could not heal, the broken heart. Though Sarah has not attained the heavenly peace which I endeavoured to describe as characterizing the aged mother, yet her life is spent in doing good, and Mrs. L—— says that her society, through a long life, has been the greatest happiness she has enjoyed.

CHAPTER IV.

Visit to Nell Gwyn's House—Old and Modern Books.

——— *House, Fulham ; Saturday, July 6th.*—

WE came last Monday to this pretty quiet spot. I have been enjoying too luxuriously and indolently, the delicious perfumes of flowers and song of birds, to write or do anything.

Yesterday we walked with a friend across the meadows, to see the house in which Nell Gwyn resided. We passed through a lane where an old man lives, whose grandfather planted the trees in the Bird-cage-walk of St. James's park.

Nell Gwyn's house is a small but interesting old structure, surrounded with a crowded garden, and so hidden among trees that we

could only see a bit of one of the gable ends till we came close to the door. It has an appearance of undisturbed antiquity, and a remote and untouched look which is very remarkable in a place so near the busy and modernizing metropolis. Its desolation and repose is the more extraordinary, as it now belongs to the director of the gas works, which sounds very unromantic and matter-of-fact.

As we wandered through the deserted rooms, I thought of the former inhabitants of the place, and my imagination peopled it with many of the celebrated characters of Charles II.'s time.

It was the abode of vice and crime ; and yet there are some circumstances which render the memory of Nell Gwyn less odious than most of King Charles's favourites. In the first place, we can scarcely be surprised that a poor orange-woman, a girl of the lowest class, when the lower classes too were far less instructed and had fewer mental advantages than now, was not averse to the distinction of becoming the King's mistress, in a court where ladies of the highest rank coveted that honour.

In judging of characters, we should always take into consideration what were the religious advantages they enjoyed, and what was the scale of morality of the times in which they lived. As I stood at the window over the old porch, and thought how often the comely Nell may have leant her round arm on that window-seat, and gazed on the London road expecting her royal lover, I hoped that some of her thoughts and feelings may have been good. It is too sad to think that a dense atmosphere of sin should have pervaded a house where human beings slept and awoke daily, to the utter exclusion of every ray of good and gentle feeling—that those whose laugh once resounded through the place where we now stand, are gone to everlasting torture. This thought was so dreadful that I involuntarily felt myself trying to make excuses for them.

Whilst thus employed, I heard my friend say, “Nell Gwyn is rather a heroine of mine; and when I remember that she chose this mean-looking house in preference to yonder stately pile, in order that the poor disabled sailors and soldiers might have a comfortable home, I cannot but look with admiration on her memory.”

"How was this?" I asked ; and he said :

"Charles II. came to Nell Gwyn one day, and brought with him a deed which was to give her the splendid palace of Chelsea, then lately built and fitted up with great magnificence. Nell Gwyn was sitting near the window, when this splendid donation was offered by her royal lover, and she had just been looking at some poor ragged old sailors who were begging for relief.

" 'No,' said she, 'do not give the palace to me ; but as you are so kindly disposed, give it as a residence for the poor men who have fought and bled on sea and land for their country. I do not want such a magnificent residence, and shall be happier in the little house at Fulham, if I know those brave men are well taken care of.'

"The king granted her request, and Chelsea has ever since been used for the benevolent purpose the poor orange-woman wished."

This was indeed a wonderful instance of moderation and generosity, and that too in a person whose head, one would have imagined, must be

turned by her extraordinary rise—to whom the idea of a magnificent palace might have been enchanting. One should have thought that to her particularly the prospect of being raised to honors and distinction, and possessing a dwelling as princely as those of her rivals, the proud Cleveland and haughty Portsmouth, must have been peculiarly gratifying. They no doubt treated the handsome upstart with great contempt; yet she refused to accept a thing which would have placed her more on an equality with them, and, influenced by a feeling of generosity, retained her humble dwelling, in a quiet and then very retired spot.

After hearing this trait of Nell Gwyn, I looked with greater pleasure on the old chair, where I fancied she was sitting. Her countenance now wore a far more pleasing expression. I saw her playing with her children, and endeavouring to inculcate some good feeling into them, while her fine features assumed a look of regret and sorrow, as if she were thinking of her own faults.

Then I saw the king sitting near and gazing on her countenance, but I could not discover any pleasant expression in his. It was painful to look upon those hard features, which his numerous pictures have made familiar to our minds. I did not like to think of the faithless friend, the cruel husband, the man who was alike insensible to every private and public virtue.

Still may there not be a "but," even here? Was not he spoilt in early youth?—and then even the misfortunes of his after life, may they not have only tended to make him recklessly enjoy the return to his throne and to power? I could not bear the question which would force itself upon me—where is now the soul of that once gay man? His thoughtless laugh seemed to sound in my ear; I saw him take up one of the children and caress it, while the sprightly Nell made one of those witty remarks for which she was so famous. Again he laughed, but how hollow was the sound. I thought then that he yawned, and looked as if he were already tired of being there: he smiled with a weary and bitter smile, which seemed to say, "Even your

wit, your mirth, my Nell, sometimes tires me. I have outlived every joy."

What advantage has death brought to that man, whose chief occupation was to kill time, as if his object were to reach the end of his earthly career as quickly as possible? What account could he give of that important life, whose hours passed away without any good result? In his latter years, when he had only a few more to spend on earth, then it was that the short remains of time hung most heavily and wearily on his hands!

Often he must have been impatient for the day to be over, for evening to arrive, and another and another sun to go down. But then the evening, that time of conviviality, of the banquet, the song, and dance, how dull and insipid did even those hours appear! He was jaded and sick of everything, wishing to be wherever he was not, changing perpetually his amusements, his friends, but nothing brought pleasure. At last all became alike distasteful; and even the powers to wish or hope for something better were gone. At the end of a long weary day he would sink into his bed of state; but sleep brought no repose,

dreams tormented his slumbers—and another day dawned—to be again misspent.

At last the enemy, time, was vanquished; the king lay on his bed of death. The grave was opening before his startled gaze, and what were then his feelings? Which of all his professed friends now feels any real interest for the dying man? Can he derive any comfort from their society? Has the long-neglected religion, of which he was a nominal professor, any power to calm the fears of death? Can he even understand its doctrines? Was any one near to explain them?

Perhaps then he may for the first time have thought of his country and neglected friends, and the immense responsibility of his station, of his foolish and unprofitable life, which was drawing to a close. And *now*, perhaps, he would give worlds to delay that *time* which never before appeared to fly fast enough. He now longs to live a little longer; for even the life on which he looks back with so little pleasure, would be preferable to death, an uncertain hereafter, a dreadful eternity!

But death appeared inevitable. That grim

monster, hitherto so carefully kept out of sight, to drive whose dreaded image from his mind had been the study of all around—this great enemy now stands in all its horrible deformity plainly before him, and appears more dreadful still from having never been contemplated before.

It is there, close to the bed of state: the king looks on it with despair, and thinks of the dark grave, where his mouldering frame must soon be for ever enclosed. In vain the physicians try every remedy. The monster strikes. The king is dead. His body lies in the sepulchre of his ancestors; and who can say where his soul now dwells?

It was a fearful question, and I shuddered, but the recollection of the dying thief came to my mind—the man who had been condemned by all, yet to whom the Saviour said, “This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.”

Monday.—“Sorrow will always become a dangerous disease, when we give ourselves up to it, and we cannot divert it too much.” So says

Addison, in an old book I discovered here. It is called "Interesting Anecdotes, Memoirs, Essays, and Poetical Fragments, tending to amuse the fancy and inculcate morality ;" by Mr. Addison.

This is a long title ! and what a different state of public mind does this title denote ! At the rail-road pace with which ideas now run, every thing must be short ; no one would now have time to take in even the meaning of a long name to a book.

What a contrast there is between those seven closely-printed respectable and sensible-looking volumes before me, with their plain blue paper covers, and shabby white backs, (where no name is even written,) what a contrast between these unpretending exteriors, and all the modern publications, glittering with gilt names, and shining in bright and gaudy colours !—those modern butterflies of the day, whose contents will probably dwell no longer in the minds of their readers, than their covers, which are so cunningly devised to imitate morocco or silk, will last clean !

How much the character of every age is stamped on all its productions ! We may observe a

mark of the time in even the trifling fact of there being no name on the back of those half-bound volumes of Addison. We may see that the book was not meant to lie upon a crowded table, and be just looked at, and a few of its leaves turned over and talked about. It was not destined either, to be reviewed in a paper or periodical, published perhaps two days after the book emerged from the press ; by a reviewer too who has perhaps sixty other volumes to read and pass judgment upon, for the next important Saturday, which is to give the poor books a little short life, or else consign them to immediate death !

No ; when a person meant to read a book in those days of yore, they set about it in earnest, had patience to open the book at the beginning, and read the entire title page and even the preface, and then proceeded regularly with the work. It was probably the only one on the table, and another was not taken in hand till that (and all its volumes) were finished.

I can fancy this wise-looking blue tome lying on a ponderous library table of the olden time, in a stately room, where an atmosphere of learn-

ing and thought seems to exist around. An old man, in a pig-tail and long-backed velvet or satin coat, looks grave over the book, and stops now and then to ponder over the wisdom its pages unfold.

Or perhaps the goodly dame of the mansion reads it aloud in the drawing-room, while her daughters and attendants are plying the needle. How bare the rooms appear when compared with ours! Two long sofas, embroidered with historical or scripture stories, and some beautifully-carved chairs are placed around, but they are all alike in height and form; there is no variety to suit different humours and tastes. A few Indian cabinets and some choice vases of old china adorn the walls; but what a large expanse of uncovered floor! and how formal we should consider those reflections of the furniture in the highly-polished oak boards! How cold we should think it looked, even though there is a carpet under the chair and table in the middle of the room! But how tiresome we should call it, to be obliged to sit always in the same place!

And yet the group, which I see sitting there

listening to Addison, looks very happy. There is an expression of earnest and undivided attention on their countenances, which is now seldom seen. They look fresh and truthful. Their features firmer and more marked than ours, as if used to one line of thought, not as if they could assume that great variety of opposite expressions which I fancy is one great and new characteristic of the present time.

The pretty full lips of those dames of the last century look more ruby and healthful than ours, but less flexible, and not as if they had been schooled and twisted in childhood to pronounce many other languages besides the mother tongue.

These young ladies have evidently not been what we call highly-cultivated. The spinet in the corner of the room, and the single little volume of manuscript music on the desk where a few simple airs only are written out, shew that music had not advanced, that the young ladies did not play like Thalberg, or sing like Grisi; and yet methinks they look both wiser and merrier than we do.

What a long dissertation on the past that book

of Addison's has betrayed me into, and what a proof I am now giving of being influenced by the volatile and unstable spirit of this present time !

I sat down with a determination to read Addison's volumes regularly, and derive as much wisdom as possible from them ; and here I am scribbling about them instead !—putting forth my own foolish ideas, perhaps even thinking of printing them, and thus add another volume to the trash in gay covers, against which I have been inveighing ! But so it is ; I never can resist the call of my

“ Beloved companion ! busy, idle pen,
That wanderest of thyself, and quickly fill'st
The maidenly-white page with gadding thoughts,
And fancies loosened from all sober hold.”

That I should dream of *writing* a new work, when I even think it foolish to read modern publications ! One of the happiest and wisest people I know is Louisa D——, and she never reads any thing but old books, those respectable tomes, which have survived the changes, and

stood the scrutinizing and often purifying gaze of years, and perhaps centuries.

I think that to read modern opinions, and the contentions of different sects and parties, only unsettles the mind ; and many of the best, or at least the most successful works of the present day, only obtain their celebrity, either from novelty of form, or their treating of some prominent interest of the moment. The most successful are not those which contain the most real merit, and will not be those which will live the longest. Thus the next century may perhaps have more advantage in the publications of this than we have, because we only read those which are now talked much about.

CHAPTER V.

Verbina, or the last days of an old servant—The death of a naval hero—Recollections of Wilberforce.

I AM going to continue my account of recollections excited by the perfume of different flowers. At this moment the smell of Verbina recalls a very early and interesting impression.

In the ancient residence of the P— family there is a south attic, which was inhabited for many years by an old housekeeper. She was ninety years old when I first remember her, and she had lived eighty years in the family.

I always loved old people, as well as old places; and I used to enjoy rambling with little Julia over the spacious house, and visiting the old housekeeper in her sunny attic, which she had not quitted for years.

There was a quaintness about the old woman and all that surrounded her, which pleased me the more from being different from everything else I ever saw. She always wore a black dress, with a long pointed waist and tight sleeves, which on Sundays were decorated with old lace ruffles. Her pleasant face, and smooth grey locks, were snugly ensconced under a white cap. Its lace border was narrow and plain in front, but full behind, and was of that picturesque form now seldom seen in England, though it is still worn by peasants in the northern provinces of France.

The room contained several curious old cabinets, some richly carved oak chairs with embroidered backs, and a bed, with red damask curtains and a patchwork quilt. The low ceiling, and every part of the room, had attained a rich brown Teniers hue from age, and from the smoke of a wood fire, which constantly burned in the wide chimney. Of the same mellow hue were the drawings, prints, and worked samplers on the walls.

How many interesting stories did that dear old

dametell of the originals of those smoke-dried pictures, and of the noble ladies who had worked the tapestry backs to her chairs. She would point out the story of Esther and Ahasuerus, which was her especial favourite, and remark how lively the colours were in the queen's robes.

Poor old dame ! her eyes were dim, and more dim still were the faded colours in the embroidery ; but her imagination was lively, and her still vivid and youthful feelings neither felt nor saw the changes which time had made.

The tears would sometimes roll down her pale cheeks, as she talked of the beautiful Lady ——, who had drawn that masterly sketch of a Greek warrior, and modelled the bust which stood on the chimney-piece. How feelingly she deplored the fate of that most lovely, yet most unfortunate of all her old master's family. At other times, she would laugh with delight as she described the marriage of her young master, the late possessor, and the birth and christening of the present.

If that old woman's stories could be told, they would form an interesting account of a family

celebrated in the political, literary and fashionable world of the last century.

What delighted me most then, were the old woman's flowers. By the aid of crutches, she could hobble about the room, and every morning she watered and tended her plants, which were ranged along the ledges of her two windows. My especial friend the verbina grew in a curious old vase of Delf-china or ware, and of this she always gave me a sprig. Thanks be to that old woman, for I never smell it now without seeing that peaceful room, and the beautiful view which I used to stand on tiptoe to peep at, between the flower-pots; or hearing the mumbling sound of her toothless yet cheerful voice—the pleasant crackling of the wood fire, and the purr of a large Angora cat, her sole living companion.

The ramble up to her room, too, was delightful. Our great ambition was to find a different way each time we went. Sometimes, with playful fear, little Julia and I would venture through the old state apartments, and enter the

tapestried bed-room, which was said to be haunted.

We always went by daylight, but the closed shutters only allowed narrow streaks of light to penetrate. Often we trembled at the sound of our own footsteps on the polished floor, and screamed, half in terror, half in play, as we fancied, by the dim mysterious light, the old bed-curtains moved, and the pale figures in the tapestry paced to and fro. Clinging to each other for protection, we would fly at full speed, and close the door of the last room with a feeling that we had been very courageous indeed, and escaped some great danger. Then winding up a disused staircase, and through long passages where the worm-eaten boards creaked fearfully under our feet, we entered—oh, delight!—the large low lumber-room.

It was so called because the furniture it contained had been expelled from the magnificent rooms below, to make way for Grecian ornaments and statues, which the late lord had brought from Italy. In this lumber-room, china of all sorts, Indian cabinets, a very old spinet, a

more modern harpsichord, rusty armour, and beautifully carved gilt chairs, were huddled together in strange confusion.

Often I lingered among these dust-covered vestiges of the olden time, till my less romantic and imaginative companion would run off and leave me alone ; when, sitting down on an old tattered crimson sofa, and trembling with awe and delight, I would give way to all sorts of fancies. How I wondered at the old lady's courage in living all alone up there, near so many strange things ; for in the whole upper story of that south wing, there dwelt no living soul but herself.

So odd was the mixture of imagination and reality in my mind, that there were moments when I doubted the real existence of that old woman. I looked upon her with both affection and awe. So isolated was her life, (for though the servants, of course, attended to her wants, I never happened to meet any of them,) and I passed through so many strange places in going there, and imagined such wonderful things, that she seemed but like a continuation or more

evident embodying of one of my fancies. I loved her, yet I did not quite like to touch her hand, and the kiss of her pale lips sometimes made me shudder.

Poor old dame! she often cried over the diminished fortunes of her master's family, and compared the present time with those glorious past days, when the ponderous family coach never stirred without six horses and outriders. "In those days," she would say, "besides my lord and lady's attendants, each young gentleman and damsel of the family had always a serving man and a serving woman standing outside the door of their several rooms, ready to attend at a clap of the hands. Ah! there were no such lazy things as bells in those good old days," ended the old dame, with a sigh.

When a rumour reached her that the place was to be sold, her tearful prayer was, that she might never live to see the estate in possession of a stranger.

In coming back from her room, to dispel our shadowy fears we generally chose a more inhabited way. Descending another winding stair-

case, we passed through the kitchen and house-keeper's room, where the acting successor to the old woman above, often gave us cakes and fruit.

After passing through all the offices, and peeping into all the rooms and pantries, we went up a private staircase, and opened a small odd-looking door which led direct into the master of the house's own sitting-room. In we dashed, and often interrupted his writing, and engrossed the few leisure moments of his time. But he loved us, and therefore bore that with patience from us which would have made him furious with other people.

"So you have been to see the old house-keeper?" he would say, with a thoughtful air. "Well, she must not be forgotten." And then he turned over some huge books of accounts, and large parchments with big seals in the corner, and walked up and down the room, stroking his chin with a look of care and thought, and gazed through the open window on the sunny lawn and park, with its magnificent avenue, which extended nearly two miles from the house.

At last he would reseal himself with a resigned and almost cheerful expression, and resume the writing which we had interrupted.

I was too young at the time to divine the cause of all this; but as I vividly remembered the changes of expression on his handsome countenance, a clue has been furnished to their meaning in the events which followed.

The old place was soon after sold, no doubt to the regret of its owner, but he fulfilled his promise, and remembered the old servant. One of the stipulations of the sale was that she should continue to occupy her accustomed attic in the south wing.

But the old woman's prayer was heard. A few days before the new possessor arrived she died!

GERANIUM, OR THE DEATH OF A NAVAL HERO.

The smell of geranium recalls a touching scene; indeed it reminds me of a series of years from earliest childhood—of kind words, affectionate warnings too often slighted; but stay!

let me turn to the beautiful picture which it vividly brings before me. I hear the touching tones of a man's voice—such a voice! oh! what heart was sufficiently hard to withstand his firm and persuasive accents?—that voice, which, like the noble frame from which it proceeded, seemed born to command, yet was hushed into meekness by the thought of the almighty Being whom he was addressing.

I see a man who had passed the early part of his life in the din of war, and amidst the raging billows, kneeling before his God. On the table near him lies a book; but his eyes are raised to heaven, his hands are clasped—he does not read, he prays—every feature in his speaking and noble countenance is elevated with an expression of intense adoration. The naturally haughty brow is calm; the mouth so accustomed to command seems now breathing only to give utterance to prayer—embodying the heavenly idea, “Peace and good will towards man.”

Around him are the kneeling forms of his relations and servants. A bright beam of morning sunshine slants across the room. On the

polished surface of the old oak floor are seen the shadows cast by a profusion of graceful flowers which decorate the verandah outside.

A gentle breeze finds its way through the open window, laden with sweet odours ; but the most prominent is that of the bright scarlet geranium, my uncle G——'s favorite flower. A large red and white spaniel lies in an attitude of dreamy waking enjoyment on a mat before the door, basking in the sun.

The prayer is ended ; one by one the servants depart ; how well do I remember the peculiar creaking of the old housekeeper's shoes and the heavy tread of the butler, as it echoed fainter and fainter through the passage ; then the distant bang of the green-baize door which separated the offices from the other apartments.

Then, oh, how livingly plain do I see my dear uncle walking among the flowers, his every feature breathing happiness, enjoying that real silent pleasure which a heart keenly alive to the beauties of nature can alone understand. His was mingled with a brighter feeling ; his eyes beamed with a blissful look, which seemed to

say "If this world is so beautiful. oh, what will be the loveliness of that where our Redeemer dwells!" Hope and a firm assurance of a still better state, were mingled with that good man's present joy. His look was ethereal—'twas not of this world.

Years are past, yet still I see him kneeling at his morning prayer; his voice is feebler, and the white hairs are fewer on his still furrowless brow; fewer also are the expressions of worldly cares depicted there; yet he rises from his kneeling posture with difficulty—an expression of acute bodily pain is seen for an instant on his countenance, as he endeavours to reach the verandah. He leans on the arm of his dear sister; he can scarcely see the beautiful flowers,—their sweet perfume can scarcely reach his decaying senses; yet he knows his favourite flowers are there, and with the fervour of faith "in things not seen," he exclaims, in a tone more joyful than ever, "How beautiful are the works of God!—praised be the Lord!"

Again other years pass by, and I return to the old oak room.

The same servants kneel there, the same prayers are uttered, but the voice is another's; the tremulous voice is that of an aged woman, a wife, who earnestly prays that her beloved husband may recover. In an adjoining room lies the master of the house, dangerously ill. Oh, how many fervent prayers were offered up for his recovery, to the God he loved, by all who knew him;—in vain—his hour was come. The heavenly Father said, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Gladly and peacefully did he obey the blissful summons; his last words expressed the joy and hope of a true Christian, though the sufferings of his mortal frame were dreadful. Yet he thought not of himself; his thoughts, his heart were with that Saviour who so loved the world that he gave himself to die for it. And to this he trusted solely; though his life had been blameless, though he had endeavoured in every action to live to the glory of God, yet the consciousness of good works never crossed his mind; his hope

rested alone on Him who had died to save sinners. Oh! if there ever lived a righteous man, that man was dear Lord G——.

In his last illness, when his sister wished him good bye, she asked him if he felt comfortable. He said, "We are all comfortable when we are with God, and all situations are pleasant with him."

"But yet you suffer great pain?" said she.

"Yes, but I am happy, because God is with me, and I am getting nearer and nearer to him." During the few last hours of his life he did not seem to recognize his friends; he could not see or hear them, but he looked happy, and as if

"Some word of life even then had met
His calm benignant eye,—
Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of immortality;
Some heart's deep language, when the glow
Of quenchless faith survives;
For every feature said— "I know
That my Redeemer lives."

Connected with the recollection of my dear uncle is that of his intimate friend the celebrated Wilberforce. In my early youth I have often met him at I—Lodge ; and never was my uncle so happy or agreeable as when enjoying the society of that delightful man.

How well I remember the benevolent and most cheering and encouraging countenance of Wilberforce !—and some of the words he uttered in his lively conversation made a vivid impression on my mind.

What pleased me most was the wonderful spirit of charity which breathed in his every sentiment, and even the tones of his voice were full of kindness. One day the conversation happened to turn upon some of the celebrated beauties of that time. A lady who was present censured, in a severe manner, the conduct of a beautiful duchess.

“ Oh,” said Wilberforce, turning to the lady with a look of intense charity, “ Oh, do not find so much fault with her—remember the many temptations which beset her path.” Then,

with an expression of sorrow and humility, he added, "I am certain that if I had been that lovely and fascinating duchess, I should have acted much worse than she has done."

CHAPTER VI.

Visit to Chiswick—Remarkable persons who have lived and died there.

Wednesday, 10th July.—This delightful day we spent at Chiswick, wandering over the beautiful gardens and interesting rooms of the Duke of Devonshire's villa. Besides the fine pictures which adorn the walls of the house, and the lovely views which its windows command, the historical recollections connected with the place are most interesting. Here two of the most celebrated statesmen of modern times died—Fox and Canning.

We were at a breakfast there about a month ago; and then Mr. Rogers, who had visited him several times in his last illness, showed us the room in which Fox died—the very spot where the bed had stood in which the great statesman

expired. The bed has been long removed, and at that *fête* the room was used for refreshments.

Gay parties passed to and fro ; and while the celebrated poet was telling of the last hours of the dying statesman, the song and laugh of joyous and thoughtless youth sounded in our ears. I was glad, therefore, to visit the room again to-day, when there was no gay scene to withdraw our thoughts from the recollection of the dead.

It is a small but cheerful room ; the walls are covered with tapestry, and over one of the doors hangs a portrait of Pope. On the grotesque figures in the tapestry the statesman's eyes must have often rested, and he probably became acquainted with every object depicted there ; for who has not felt during severe suffering how completely the immediate and common objects with which we are surrounded become the whole world to us ? In severe bodily suffering we are indifferent to the past, and are almost unable to think, read or talk ; but we cling with a sort of childish pertinacity to the inanimate objects which surround us.

Whilst gazing on the tapestry, how often his eye may have rested on the grinning face of that old woman with a faded red and green dress ; and on those two dancing figures ! In the heavy uneasy slumbers which succeed to pain, those figures may have haunted his dreams, and assumed, perhaps, the features of some former friend. He may have awoke somewhat refreshed, and able to think. What were then his reflections, his hopes, his feelings ?

While meditating on his last moments, I remembered a scene I had witnessed at the *fête*, in the very spot where his death-bed formerly stood, and the reflections which it occasioned. I saw a flirtation at the tea-table between a young and joyous pair.

They stood in the very spot where Fox died, full of life and joy, unconscious that death had once been there—little dreaming that in a few short years their career must also terminate !

The girl was beautiful ; and the lover was not only attractive and eminently handsome, but his genius gave promise that he would some day attain to great celebrity. Perhaps even at that

moment, even in the very presence of his beloved, ambition in his heart struggled for the mastery with love ; and he would deem it the summit of bliss if he could think his name might become famous as that of Fox.

Yet did that fame for which so many strive, avail the statesman in his dying moments, when he stood on the brink of the grave, face to face with his Maker ? And though his name still lives in the annals of glory, does all this distinction in any degree affect his position now ? Is his soul either conscious of it, or affected by the incense and applause of man ?

Perhaps all those splendid talents which won so much applause, may have appeared as nothing to the dying man. Any death-bed is an awful scene ; but to me how much more awful when the dying mortal has played a great part—when his powerful mind has in any way influenced his country or the world. Then I almost shudder to think of the responsibility such a mind must feel, when it is about to make up its last and final account with God—when, if such a thought never crossed it before, it cannot

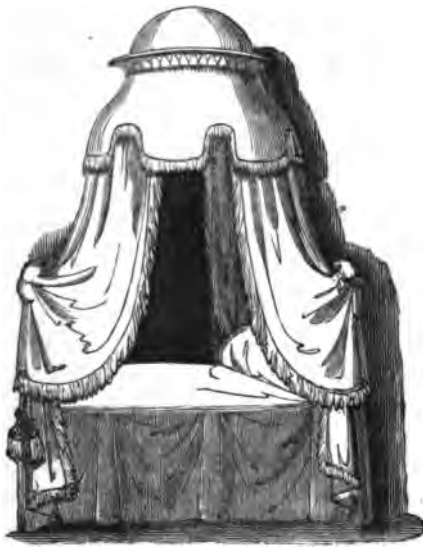
but ask with fear and trembling, Have I made a good use of all those talents which were given to me? Have I influenced my fellow-creatures for their good or harm?

As I thought and imagined what might be the feelings of Fox when he was going into his Maker's presence, I remembered with pleasure some passages from Lord Brougham's able sketch of that statesman.

He says—"Let it not be forgotten, that the noble heart and sweet disposition of this great man passed unscathed through an ordeal which, in almost every other instance, is found to deaden all kindly and generous affections. A life of gambling, and intrigue, and faction, left the nature of Charles Fox as little tainted with selfishness or falsehood, and his heart as little hardened, as if he had lived and died in a farmhouse—or rather, as if he had not outlived his boyish years."

We went into another room to see the bed in which he died. The following rough sketch, which I made as we passed through the room, will give an idea of its form. The curtains are

chintz, a large and flowery pattern of green and red, upon a light ground. The wooden cornice is painted a light brown and green ; the fringe round the curtains, the tassels and lining, are green.



We then went up stairs to see the room in which Canning died, and which has been most ably described by Bulwer, in a paper published

in the New Monthly Magazine: "It is a small low chamber at Chiswick, in which Canning died. He chose it himself; it had formerly, we believe, been a sort of nursery; and the present Duke of Devonshire having accidentally slept there just before Canning took up his residence at the villa, it was considered more likely to be aired and free from damp, than any other and costlier apartment. It has not even a cheerful view from the window, but overlooks a wing of the house, as it were like a back yard. Nothing can be more common than the paper of the walls, or furniture of the apartment. On one side of the fire-place are ranged a few books, chiefly of a light character, such as the Novelists' Magazine, Rousseau (the Heloise), Camilla, &c. Opposite to the foot of the bed is the fire-place; and on the low chimney-piece stands a small bronze clock. How often to that clock must have turned the eyes of that restless and ardent being, through the short and painful progress through disease to death! With how bitter a monotony must its ticking sound have fallen on his ear!"

Canning past the last three weeks of his life at Chiswick. The housekeeper showed us a room down stairs, where he read prayers to the family each Sunday. His amiable qualities and perfect character in private life, must have endeared him so much to his relations and friends, that I thought more of their grief at losing such a friend, than of what his feelings were on the near approach of death.

Lord Brougham says of him—"In private society he was singularly amiable and attractive; though, except for a very few years of his early youth, he rarely frequented the circles of society, confining his intercourse to an extremely small number of warmly-attached friends. In all the relations of domestic life he was blameless, and was the delight of his family, as in them he placed his own."

How such a man, who concentrated his social affections on a few, must have been adored! What must have been the feelings which his wife experienced in that room, when she beheld his last sufferings—the untimely death of one so dear, so revered!

From the room where Canning died, we were shown through a small dark passage into another, where the afflicted wife was carried after all was over. She lay in the small room, which looks out on a sort of court-yard, till the day before the funeral. "Her life was despaired of for two days," said the housekeeper (who was there at the time); "but when her son arrived she wept, and then the physicians had some hope. She was taken up," continued the housekeeper, "in her night-dress, and put into the carriage which was to take her away."

The little room looked to me gloomy and desolate, but perhaps it only appeared so from the conviction that it had been the scene of the greatest woe this life is capable of producing.

Opposite the bed is a small bookstand, containing some volumes of Goldoni's comedies, and Mme. de Sevigne's letters; but it is probable that even though her eye must have rested on them, she saw them not, for mental suffering makes us much less alive than usual to any external impressions; whereas bodily pain makes us more so. The pattern of a bed-curtain be-

comes a thing of great consequence in the dull hours of bodily suffering : but the despairing mind sees nothing ; if the curtains were on fire the poor mental sufferer would scarcely be aware of it.

Besides these recollections of dying statesmen, and those of the brilliant and fascinating Duchess of Devonshire,* there are many other circumstances which make Chiswick particularly interesting.

In the early part of the seventeenth century, Chiswick belonged to the Earl of Somerset. The portrait of his beautiful daughter, Lady Anne Carre, may be seen, both in Lord Egremont's collection, and at Woburn Abbey. It

* "Who has not heard of the thousand and one stories of the beautiful duchess?" says Bulwer. "Who, when he recalls those who made the habitants of her circle, cannot at once conceive a just notion of the spirit of the place?—a spirit that borrowed only from rank its flattering gentleness of manner, and from wealth its capacities to charm, and was, in all else, the mere spirit of the poetry, and the eloquence, and the vivacity, and the power of the day ;—focus at once of arts and of politics—of conversation and action—of pleasure and of learning."

is one of the most lovely of all Vandyke's pictures; and unites with the most faultless regularity of features, a playful softness of expression, which is extremely fascinating. There is at once more mind, and more goodness in the whole expression, both of face and figure, than is usually to be found in the court beauties of that period.

This lovely girl, when only seventeen, was sought in marriage by the young Lord Russell, who was one of the most promising men of the day, and who soon won the heart of Lady Anne. But there were many impediments to their union. The young man's father, the Earl of Bedford, did not approve of his son's choice, and the lovers began to despair.

I could not help fancying I saw this beautiful girl, attired in the picturesque costume of the time (in which Vandyke has drawn her), wandering about the gardens of Chiswick, and thinking of her absent lover.

There is a trait told of this lady, which shows the sensitive delicacy of her mind, and made

me imagine her thoughts, in those lonely walks, might be full of beauty.

Her mother had been first married and then divorced from Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex; but the innocent girl had been kept in complete ignorance that there was any blot on her parent's fair fame. One day she found an old pamphlet, which had been incautiously left on a window seat, and which the young girl commenced reading. It contained, amongst other histories of the court and nobility of the day, an account of her mother's dishonour. Lady Anne was so struck with this accidental discovery, that she fell into a fit, and was found senseless on the floor, with the book open before her.

The poor girl suffered so much from her marriage being broken off, that her father was resolved to endeavour to bring it about. The means by which it was at last accomplished are described in a letter of Mr. Garrard to the Lord Deputy Wentworth, of which the following is an extract :

*Mr. Garrard to the Lord Deputy Lieutenant
Wentworth.*

" March 23, 1636.

" The marriage betwixt the Lord Russell and the Lady Anne Carre, a most fine lady, will now shortly, at Easter, be solemnized. My Lord of Bedford loves money a little too much, which, together with my Lord of Somerset's unexpected poverty, have been the cause of this long treaty, not any diminution of the young parties' affections, who are all in a flame in love. My Lord of Somerset told the Lord Chamberlain, who hath been a great mediator in this business, before his daughter, that one of them was to be undone if that marriage went on; he chose rather to undo himself than to make her unhappy, and hath kept his word. For he hath sold all he can make money of, even his house which he lives in at Chiswick, with all his plate, jewels, and household stuff, to raise a portion of £1200, which my Lord of Bedford is now content to accept." — *Stafford's Letters*, ii. 58.

The marriage proved most happy ; they continued through life ardently attached to each other, and their children added to their enjoyments. But suffering was in store for the poor mother, in her latter days. Her eldest son was the celebrated Lord Russell, who was beheaded in 1684, and whose wife is so well known by her letters.

The affectionate mother did not long outlive her son. She was buried in the little church at Chenies, which contains some fine monuments of the Bedford family.

It is a curious fact, that though Chiswick was sold by the beautiful Lady Anne Carre's father, to enable her to marry, it was not lost to her descendants ; for Rachel, the daughter of Lord Russell who was beheaded, and his celebrated wife, married the second Duke of Devonshire ; so that the present duke is descended from that lovely girl, and is in possession of the place where her youth was spent, the home of her ancestors.

Among the good collection of pictures which Chiswick contains, none pleased me so much as

the Salvator Rosa in the drawing-room. It represents a rocky and wild scene near the sea-shore, with some fishermen in the foreground, and is full of that vivid and romantic character which I admire so much in this artist's pictures. In the same room there is a beautiful portrait by Rembrandt, two charming Wouvermans, and many other interesting pictures, by celebrated masters. In the dining-room, there is a fine Velasquez, another Rembrandt, a beautiful Berchem, a Gerard Dow, and several more, of great excellency.

We were shewn a book, containing sketches by Inigo Jones, which is very interesting. It is full of designs for masquerades, likenesses and caricatures of the celebrated beauties and characters of that day. Some of the dresses are most fantastic and strange.—Head-gears which project in odd masses half a yard on one side or behind ; others are raised to an enormous height, and resemble fortifications. There is also a landscape by I. Jones in the same room where we saw the book. It is a charming little boudoir, opening upon the terrace, at the end of

which is a magnificent cedar tree. I know not if it be the recollections of the celebrated and beautiful duchess, but there is something to me peculiarly luxurious and romantic in the appearance of everything at Chiswick. There is, too, a southern air about the place which makes it exactly fitted for moonlight walks and serenades. Then the variety of walks in the lovely gardens, and the gorgeous hues and sweet perfumes of the flowers and choice exotics, render the whole scene like some beautiful fairy dream, that one fancies is too exquisite for reality.

In one of the venerable avenues near the house, there is an ornamental gateway, on which Pope wrote the following epigram.

PASSENGER.

"Oh gate! how com'st thou here?"

THE GATE ANSWERS.

"I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Battered with wind and weather;
Inigo Jones put me together.
Sir Hans Sloane
Let me alone:
Burlington brought me hither."

The gate consists of a portico, supported by two Doric columns on one side, and pilasters on the other ; on two stone tablets are inscribed, " Buildd by Inigo Jones, at Chelsea, 1621." " Given by Sir Hans Sloane, baronet, to the Earl of Burlington, 1737.

William Spencer felt the charm of this place, as he has well expressed it in some lines to the Duchess of Devonshire, on leaving Chiswick.

"Though the white gloom of winter has sheeted the ground,
Though dead seems each flow'ret and tree;
Yet still the rich relics of summer are found
Immured in the cells of the bee.

"Though doomed to abandon these happy retreats,
Where my summer *never is o'er*,
My heart is the hive which shall treasure the sweets
Of joys that will blossom no more."

CHAPTER VII.

Exton Park—A Christening—The Queen of Bohemia—
Lady Rachel Russell—Reflections in the old Church.

THERE are few things I enjoy so much as a visit to one of those old English houses, whose very aspect, air, and even smell, sends back the imagination to the cheerful times of “Good Queen Bess.”

Every object seems stamped with the character of past centuries. The pictures, the tapestry worked by great-grandmothers, the carved oak staircase, adorned with china vases, which were once the pride of those stately dames whose portraits still hang in the galleries, and whose marble effigies lie in solemn state in the neighbouring church. Above all, the old porch, that hospitable-looking entrance, where such words as “Not at home” were never dreamt of. No—

when the ponderous knocker sounded, the zealous serving-men, in the honest simplicity of their hearts, would invite all comers to enter and take some refreshment.

How different were the manners then from those of the present day!—but so it must be. Time has become more valuable in these restless days of accomplishment and pleasure-hunting, than it was with our more contented forefathers. Six months of each year are now often squandered away in London, in the pursuit of society ; and the other six, of which, perhaps, not more than three are spent at their old places, are devoted by our young ladies to study and accomplishments. How then could they find time to see tiresome morning visitors, and be daily interrupted by rustic neighbours ?—or linger with them, as their more lowly-minded grandmothers did, over the chocolate and preserved melons in the stately dining-room, or saunter along the broad terraces of the garden in lace ruffles and brocaded satins, dressed in the morning as for a ball?

It is pleasant to contemplate any object which

sends imagination back to the past, and recalls vividly the scenes and characters of bygone days! I mean not here to speak of the "past" in which we have individually acted a part, for there memory is too apt to dwell alike upon visions and realities, connected chiefly with ourselves—(and alas! how seldom is such a retrospection productive of unmixed pleasure; how often does the shade of sorrow tinge our brightest joy, and throw a dark cloud over the fairest passages in memory's book!)—But I speak of that "olden time," which is separated from us by the lapse of ages, or of years at least, and which, invested as it always must be with somewhat of dimness and mystery, has in it a something solemn, visionary, and almost sacred.

And there is too another sort of feeling, which equally with this more serious one is produced by the contemplation of antiquity—and above all, by visiting old homes, those "hearths of the dead," wherein human beings have lived and felt. It is pleasant in seeing old English places, to re-people the scene in imagination with those long since dead and gone, whose charac-

ters are made familiar to us in history, and with whose habits and manners we have become so well acquainted through the medium of those written records of the past, that they almost appear like the companions of our early days. It is a stirring world that our visionary fancy can thus create; and we enjoy it thus the more for being "in it—but not of it!" We participate in all its pleasures and delights, without any alloy from the intervention of those feelings of gloom, self-reproach or regret, which almost invariably tinge the retrospect of our own past.

The window at which I am now sitting commands a view of a beautiful Elizabethan house, with its many gable ends, the high roof of its old baronial banqueting-hall, and decorated windows and chimnies of that picturesque style. Near it stands an old village church, of the purest gothic architecture. From the venerable and highly-decorated spire, a new silken banner is floating in the breeze, representing the same arms which may be seen sculptured on most of the ancient monuments within the church, and are emblazoned on the mouldering es-

cutcheons and time-stained flags which wave over them.

These proofs of a joyful present are now mingled with a splendid past ; for on the eastern terrace of the old house, which royal feet once trod, five hundred poor villagers are feasting. Shouts of joy rend the air, bands of music are playing, and the old church bells are ringing a merry peal. This day has brought much happiness to the owners of yonder ancient dwelling. Lord B——'s eldest son has attained his twenty-first year ; and a lovely infant, his youngest darling, has just been christened in the church.

I never beheld such an interesting sight as was that christening : the young and beautiful mother stood proxy for the queen, who was the child's godmother, and held her lovely babe at the font. The picture was worthy the pencil of a Raphael ; indeed, I never saw one of his Madonnas whose face expressed so much holy fervour.

Every beautiful thought and feeling was depicted in her speaking countenance. She prayed for heavenly blessings on the child,

whose worldly prospects seemed so brilliant; and she did so with a full consciousness that on these blessings alone all substantial happiness must depend. Her whole soul was in that prayer.

It was a solemn moment for the young mother. She is surrounded, from her position in life, with every joy and splendour calculated to make her forget there is aught beyond this world, to her so gay and brilliant; and yet she felt, despite of all her worldly prospects, that the whole future of her darling infant depended on God's blessing. For a moment her countenance bore the impress of intense care, as if the thought had occurred that her innocent child might wander into the paths of sin; this clouded the serenity of her mind, but she prayed with increased fervour,—

“ Youth's fair clear brow

Was hers, yet shaded with a matron's grace;

The laughing lustre of her maiden eye

Softened, not quenched; her bounding footstep tamed,

Not by the weight of grief, but those sweet cares

Which are a woman's bliss. Most fair she stood

Amid her trembling joys, and tearful smiles,

Stilling the throbbings of her heart, to hush
The babe, that wondering half, and half afraid,
Nestled more closely to her breast. But now
The sacred rites begin; the crystal drops,
Symbolic, on the placid brow are shed;
Sign'd is the Cross; the solemn vows are made;
The tender and the helpless one is brought
To that good Shepherd, who will gently gather
The tender lambs, and in his bosom bear."

The mother rose from her knees when the ceremony was over, full of hope and confidence. The villagers, in their gayest attire, crowded round to catch a glimpse of the smiling babe. A gentle summer breeze came through the open doors of the church, and caused the banners to wave as if, animated by the spirit of the departed, they greeted the arrival of another scion of that ancient race!

After the ceremony, every one, rich and poor, repaired to the green slopes before the old house, where tents were pitched, bands of music played, and the festivities took place to which I have before alluded.

These grassy slopes, now the scene of such

heartfelt joy, are called the Queen of Bohemia's terraces, in memory of the Princess Elizabeth, the unfortunate daughter of James the First. They were made for her when she dwelt under that old roof with Lord Harrington. It was here that her early youth was spent; and her affectionate disposition towards her brother, Prince Henry, is shown by the following letter, which she penned at eight years old, soon after she was separated from him :

“ MY DEAR AND WORTHY BROTHER,

“ I most kindly salute you, desiring to hear of your health; from whom, though I am now removed far away, none shall ever be nearer in affection than your most loving sister,

“ ELIZABETH.”

Here, on these terraces, the young princess may have first imbibed those tastes for grandeur and fine architecture, which she shewed afterwards to so great an extent in the improvements of Heidelberg Castle. Every one who has

visited that beautiful ruin, will remember the triumphal arch which her fond husband raised in honour of his bride. But alas! the same feeling which caused the increased splendour of that noble palace also entailed its fall—for, as Mrs. Jameson says with great truth, “Elizabeth of Bohemia was to Heidelberg what Helen was to Troy.”

Amid these old walls of Exton Hall, a trivial circumstance may have kindled that ambition which made her utter the words so fatal to the peace of Europe: “Let me rather eat dry bread at a king’s table than feast at the board of an elector.” Her words and wishes were literally fulfilled. She obtained the crown of Bohemia; but she soon lost it too, and lived to beg her bread, and seek a miserable subsistence for herself and family.

Perhaps the indulgence of some childish caprice in this peaceful-looking abode, may have fostered those fatal feelings of ambition; perhaps some foolishly indulged whim of the little princess who gambolled with childish glee in these gardens, gave rise to feelings which caused

the sacrifice of two millions of men, and plunged Europe into that thirty years war, which Schiller has immortalized.

Yet the Princess Elizabeth was an amiable child, and became a most fascinating woman, as the whole history of those times and her appellation of "queen of hearts" shew. The following lines, which she composed for her tutor, Lord Harrington, of Exton, prove that she had an early conviction of the inutility of all earthly prosperity to ensure happiness :

" This is joy ! this is true pleasure,
If we best things make our treasure ;
And enjoy them at full leisure,
Evermore in richest measure.

God is only excellent !
Let up to him our love be sent.
Whose desires are set or bent
On aught else, shall much repent.

Theirs is a most wretched case,
Who themselves so far disgrace,
That they their affections place
Upon things named vile and base.

Earthly things do fade, decay,
Constant to us not one day,
Suddenly they pass away,
And we cannot make them stay.

All the vast world doth conteyne
To content man's heart, are vayne,
That still justly will complayne,
And unsatisfied remaine.

Why should vain joyes us transport?
Earthly pleasures are but shorte,
And are mingled in such sorte
Griefs are greater than the sporte.

God, most holy, high and greate!
Our delight doth make compleate;
When in us he takes his seate,
Only then we are repleat.

O! my soule, of heavenly birth,
Doe thou scorn this basest earth;
Place not here thy joy and mirth,
Where of bliss is greatest dearth.

From below thy mind remove,
And affect the things above;
Sett thy heart, and fix thy love,
Where thou truest joys shall prove.

To me grace, O Father! send,
On thee wholly to depend,
That all may to thy glory tend;
Soe let me live, soe let me end."

She seems to have had a strong presentiment of her varied and unhappy life, or else a strong intuition into the history of mankind. Here, perhaps, in early youth, she may have reflected on the sad fate of her fascinating grandmother, Mary Stuart, whom she resembles, I think, in countenance. There is the same beautiful softness and melancholy, or rather presentiment of suffering, for when their portraits were taken they had probably only known happiness.

Another historical and most interesting character connected with this place is Lady Rachel Russell. Her portrait hangs opposite the table where I write, between that of her father, Lord Southampton, and her sister the Countess of Gainsborough. She must often have visited this old hall, for her sister was married to the Earl of Gainsborough, an ancestor of the present possessor, and Lady Rachel constantly mentions this sister with great affection in her letters.

Lady Rachel Russell was a decided genius, but with less vanity and apparent anxiety for applause than any we know of. She is certainly our English Sevigné, adding to all the gracefulness of expression which shines in the letters of the sprightly French woman, the deep and kindly feelings of a real Christian. Some of the thoughts on the advantages of sorrow, which Lady Russell's letters contain, are the most consoling passages I ever read, and every sentiment she utters is useful and good. What can be more beautiful than the following sentences, which I have selected, quite at random, from her letters? When speaking of the cruel fate of her husband, who was beheaded, most unjustly, in the year 1683, she says, "To me death hath come so near as to fetch a portion from my very heart, and by it calls on me to prepare against the second death, from which, by the merits of a great and merciful Redeemer, I hope my best friend is delivered; and having a reasonable ground for this hope, 'tis unaccountable why I must ever lament what I valued as my own soul

is past all the difficulties of this narrow passage." She also says, " But I strive to reflect how large my portion of good things has been, and though they are past away, no more to return, yet I have a pleasant work to do—dress up my soul for my desired change, and fit it for the converse of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect; amongst whom my hope is my beloved lord is one." Her beautiful mind contrives to find good in every thing; and with her, sorrow becomes a means of joy.

" Life is a continued succession of many provocations to the great vexation of spirit, *till we have grace to remember who is the great governor of all things.*" The low opinion she had of herself is shewn in many such passages as this: " The great thing is to acquiesce with all one's heart to the good pleasure of God, who will prove us by the ways and dispensations he sees best, and when he will break us to pieces we must be broken. Who can tell his works from beginning to end? *But who can praise his mercies more than wretched I, that he has*

not cut me off in anger, who have taken his chastisements so heavily, not weighing his mercies in the midst of judgments !”

One very decided feature in Lady Russell's character is the total absence of vanity, or display ; and the contemplation of this is the more remarkable, because in our day, unceasing effort to probe to the utmost every natural endowment, to attain notoriety, fame, and above all, literary celebrity, is one of the leading characteristics of almost every one who possesses a certain modicum of ability. I might almost say, it is a characteristic, not only of individuals, but of the age we live in.

How rare would it now be to find originality and true genius, such as stamp every line of these simple letters, confined to a friendly correspondence, seeking no more enlarged sphere of display. In these publishing times, the talent compressed in Lady Russell's private letters, would be deemed amply sufficient to be expanded over and to enrich twenty volumes.

But Lady Russell was not more remarkable for talent than for goodness. She was the best

of wives and mothers, a faithful friend, honoured for her virtue in the midst of a vicious court ; and to crown all, a bright example of Christian charity and tolerance, at a time when the bitterness of party-spirit raged with unequalled virulence.

I think some of the lines which were written on la Vallière, might well be applied to her.

Etre femme sans jalousie,
 Etre belle sans coquetterie ;
 Bien juger sans beaucoup savoir,
 Bien parler sans le vouloir,
 N'être ni haute ni familière,
 Toujours de la même égalité—
 C'est le portrait de la Vallière,
 Il n'est ni fini ni flatté.

At the further end of this room there is a portrait of Mr. Noel, the gay courtier on whose name queen Elizabeth made the following lines :

“ The word of denial, and the letter of fifty,
 Are that gentleman's name who will never be thrifty.”

No L.

Near this gallant, who endeavoured, by his princely hospitalities, to impoverish the family, is the portrait of Baptist Noel, Viscount Campden, on a grey horse. During the civil wars of Charles the First's time, this nobleman burnt his house, to save it from falling into the hands of the king's enemies; and this horse, which was in the field, was, it appears, determined not to become the property of rebels, for he would not suffer himself to be caught by them, though they tried hard and long to do so. His noble owner was so charmed with the animal's loyalty, that he had his portrait taken. The picture narrowly escaped destruction when Exton Hall was burnt, the fire having stopped behind the wall against which it hung.

This same Lord Campden garrisoned Belvoir castle for the King, against its owner, the Earl of Rutland, and only gave it up when the royal cause was finally ruined; and was, in consequence, very heavily mulcted by the parliament. The fine was at last removed by being made the dowry of Lady Dorothy Manners, on her marriage with the Earl of Gainsborough.

There is another portrait of a fine old man, Mr. Thomas Noel, who represented the county of Rutland uninterruptedly for sixty-one years ! He kept the Cottesmore hounds, which, at his death, were sold to Lord Lonsdale. He hunted till near the day of his death, and when eighty-years old got a fall, but was not hurt.

Among the other interesting pictures which Exton Hall contained, was a very good one of Mrs. Siddons, as the Grecian daughter, by Hamilton : it was painted expressly for the last Lady Gainsborough, who was a great friend and admirer of the celebrated actress. The artist found much difficulty in giving the peculiar expression of Mrs. Siddons's eyebrows. At last, after many sittings, she became so impatient at his want of success, that she took the pencil from him, and a few strokes from her able hand effected what he had so long tried in vain to do. He was so much pleased with the manner in which Mrs. Siddons had finished his work, that he would not touch it afterwards ; and this portrait is said to give, more than any other, the peculiar expression of her fine eyebrows.

The old pictures are now moved to the modern house, which the family inhabit, till the old one is repaired. A wing of the ancient dwelling, which contained the principal sitting rooms, was burnt down some years ago, and the old banquetting-hall very narrowly escaped, but all the pictures were fortunately saved. This modern house, where I am now staying, commands, as I have said before, a beautiful view of the old one, and by various additions, at different times, has grown into a very comfortable residence. A few evenings ago it was the scene of much gaiety, when Lord B— gave a splendid fête in the park, to the neighbourhood.

Friday.—This morning I went to make a sketch of the interior of the old church, at Exton, which appears at the beginning of this volume. I sat there for an hour or two quite alone; and the death-like stillness which breathed around, formed a strange contrast to the crowded scene of yesterday's christening. I never was alone in a church but once before; it was many years ago; and as I sat to-day amid the old monuments, in

the unbroken silence of death, I was struck by the great difference which time has operated on my feelings. In those days, I turned from all the tombs and mouldering remnants of mortality which surrounded me, with a sensation of fear, for the grave did not then contain many of those I love. Now I gaze on them without terror, knowing that in such sepulchres as these are the earthly remains of both parents and friends.

“ Oh ! ye who talk of death, and mourn for death,
Why do you raise a phantom of your weakness,
And then shriek loud to see what ye have made ?
There is no death to those who know of life—
No time to those who see eternity.”

MILNES.

What will our state be in the next world ? There are probably few people who have not made this enquiry ; but how often it happens that a state of happiness in the next world is the only probability we contemplate. We indulge in all sorts of speculations as to what that happiness will be ; and this without considering whether we are in any way prepared for it, or

whether we have done anything to merit enjoyment or reward. Sometimes, if conscious of some good actions, we forget that even these will avail us nothing without the merits of our Saviour. Scarcely ever do we cast away all boasted self-righteousness, and trust alone for salvation to Him who first loved us. Why is all this?—whence arise all these varied fancies, and doubts, and false hopes?—because we love Him not. If love were the engrossing feeling of our heart, we should love God's commandments, and abandon all speculations and cares as to what sort of creatures we are to be, or what kind of bliss we are to enjoy; the idea of being with Him would be our greatest joy. We should then never complain of the obscurity of Scripture on this important subject, or wonder that our exact state and reward in the life to come has not been mentioned.

Indeed, we might then be able to see that it has been fully explained in many delightful passages. Then, even in this world, our hearts would respond to that saying of St. Paul, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have

entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them who love him."

But even to those who have attained this highly spiritual state of existence (which I fear can be the case with few people in this world) there are many things relative to a future state which seem of great importance. The question of greatest moment to an affectionate heart is, "What will become of our friends? Shall we know them again? Will those we love best be saved? Will not our entire future happiness be poisoned if we know that those we love better than ourselves are condemned to eternal woe?" As dreadful would be the thought, that the recollection of those dear ones will be swept from our minds—that we should cease to love—to care for their welfare. Nothing is so revolting to all our better feelings as this idea. Indeed, if their beloved image were to be extinguished from our heart, our fate would appear worse than annihilation.

It seems almost impossible not to ask this question with fear and trembling, and often to

allow the thoughts to wander to the confines of these impenetrable mysteries.

And here the peculiar bent of our characters often shows itself.

A dear old friend of mine has often expressed a wish to be the least and last in heaven. Her idea of future happiness is to behold the whole world, both friends and those she does not know, in a state of greater bliss than herself.

I sometimes think we shall no longer be *separate* beings, but that all who are saved will be blended together in one harmonious system, incorporate with the divinity. At others, I fancy our state will be more earthly,—that we shall live in a new *earth*, renewed and purified. But this last idea, which does not often occur to my mind, is by no means so pleasant, and must be repugnant to all whose frail suffering bodies now give more pain than enjoyment.

It is scarcely possible, when we feel bowed down with infirmities, and even the current of our ideas sadly checked by pain, it is hard to imagine any state of bliss united with flesh and blood.

Yet that in our flesh we shall see God is most certain; therefore it is dangerous to indulge in any speculations which would lead us to doubt the kindness of the Almighty in having ordained that it should be so.

A thought which is revolting to many people, is the length of time which they suppose, from many passages of Scripture, must be passed in the grave. But surely this is a groundless fear, for there are many texts which seem to me most strongly to prove that we shall immediately be judged. And even were this not so—were our insensible bones to dwell for earthly centuries in their gloomy charnel-house—it would make no difference. The moment of our resurrection would, even after thousands of years, be still the next moment to our death. For, that time, time as it is divided in our world, is only an earthly—a purely corporeal feeling, an imaginary division of this life, seems to me most evident.

How utterly lost is all consciousness of a long or short period of time, when any intensely interesting subject engrosses our feelings! How

many hours and days appear as one moment ; and sometimes, on the contrary, one single minute appears lengthened into years ! Often our thoughts recur to events which happened years ago, with such a vivid feeling of *present* reality that we can scarcely believe many years have elapsed ; and we are startled to think of the numerous things which have occurred to mark indeed the progress of time ; but still, when we think on that one engrossing subject, we do not feel its advance.

Those who have neither rejoiced nor suffered *intensely*, may perhaps never have felt this total annihilation of time. But they probably have experienced something of the same feeling when waking up from a long and perfectly sound sleep. When, either after fatigue or an illness, they lay their heads on the pillow at night, and wake ten hours afterwards with the conviction that as many minutes have not elapsed.

Then again, what a different thing is time to different characters. Can those who vegetate through a life of ninety years be said to live so long as Raphael, or Milton, or any mind that

has thought and felt more in one hour than a stupid person in a year, or perhaps a life?

That there shall be time no longer—that one moment with God is as a thousand years, is an idea quite as intelligible to me as that the sun of our system will not be necessary to illumine the blissful place of our future abode. A solitary sojourn in the grave, then, we need not fear.

But there are other and more dangerous ideas and apprehensions, which arise from allowing the mind to dwell on mysteries. I have often thought till I doubted, not only my own, but the world's existence; till I imagined that every thing—Creator, Saviour, the heavens, and all their glorious myriad of stars, were mere illusions—a beautiful chimera!

Yet perhaps this very longing, which most of us feel, to dive into mysteries, is one of the strongest evidences of our divine origin, and fallen state; an assurance that this world is not destined to be our only abode.

But where am I wandering, and who will have patience to read all this? Yet I cannot

refrain from recording another idea which struck me in that church.

It was the advantage of contemplating not only our own death, but the death of both our friends and enemies. Oh! if we would but do this sometimes, before it is too late, before they are separated from us by death, how many pangs of agony might be spared! How effectually it would make us overlook their little faults, and pardon their imperfections. How well would it teach us to bear each other's burdens, and be charitable to all, knowing that all are children of God—that He who died to save us is not willing that one should perish.

Yet we are often hard upon those we love best; we are impatient and angry, even with them. But oh! if we could at those moments of irritation, remember that they must die—perhaps, too, before ourselves—that the lips which now may be uttering words hard to bear, will be for ever silent—that the countenance which is now, perhaps, turned towards us in anger, must moulder in the grave; our wrath would be turned into sorrow, and so far from indulging a

feeling of anger, we would try and soothe their
ruffled spirit.

“ How many a bitter word 'twould hush—
How many a pang 'twould save—
If life more precious held those ties,
Which sanctify the grave.”

CHAPTER VIII.

Canterbury Cathedral—Two days at Oxford—Apology for
Authors.

Canterbury, June 22.—The longest day is past, and I feel as if summer were gone. There is a peculiar sadness in this ; it is as if the glowing youth of nature must henceforth begin to wither away. I live much on the lovely face of nature : her woods and flowers, her hills and valleys, give me more pleasure than the conversation of most people. The varied scenery and pleasant journey of yesterday, diminished the regret with which I left London and all the attractions it contained. And then I found dear M—— here !

Oh, the delight of meeting, after a long separation, the dear friend with whom we have passed through many interesting scenes, and

who has shared our every thought and feeling !

There is a bliss in asking a thousand times the simple question, "Do you remember?"—when we feel confident that everything which occurred is vividly impressed, and treasured up in another's heart as in our own ; and then to find that many other interesting circumstances and conversations, which had long slumbered in our mind, are now summoned vividly to life, by the most hallowed of all feelings—friendship. Mellowed by distance, and only brought to view by the glowing touch of united hearts, the simplest circumstances, and even the misfortunes we may have passed through together, are thought of with pleasurable emotions. We went with her to church this morning. I have not heard the beautiful cathedral service performed since I was at W——, seven years ago ; I was delighted to hear it once more. The fine benevolent countenance of one of the old prebendaries, who with solemn step and venerable air walked past, recalled forcibly to my mind a valued friend, now no more ! The vergers, too, who

preceded them, their silver maces, yellow wigs and flowing robes, resembled exactly those of W——; and the pealing organ and choristers' song, resounded through the lofty arches with the same peculiarly rich and heavenly strain.

What a beautiful cathedral! How I love to wander amid gothic pillars, and gaze on the graceful arches, painted glass windows, and rich traceried tombs—and to ponder over the various devices invented by the living to perpetuate the memory of the dead.

Here may be seen monuments of every kind, from the rude copper effigies of the early Normans, down to the splendid and elaborate tracery in marble, which decorates the monument of Henry IV. and his wife. Opposite to this last is one equally gorgeous of Edward the Black Prince; and over the carved wooden canopy are hung his princely robes, helmet and shield. The dress which once adorned the most valiant of England's princes, is now so tattered and mouldering, that it would be rejected by the meanest beggar of modern times. The epitaph is in Norman French, and was composed by the

prince himself. It was found in his will, dated only three days before his death. The following is a close translation, which I have copied from Miss Lawrence's *Memoirs of the Queens of England* :

"Thou who heedless passest by
Where these mouldering ashes lie,
Listen well to what I say ;
Mine shall be no idle lay ;—
Whilom I was like to thee,
What I now am thou must be.

Little thought of death was mine—
Offspring of a royal line :
With riches, rank, and honours great,
For full lofty was my state ;
With lands and houses, wealth untold,
Banners and palfreys, silver, gold.

But my high estate is gone,
I am in the earth alone ;—
My fresh beauty passed away—
And my flesh but mouldering clay.
Very narrow is my cell ;
And if once ye knew me well,

Now I could no more be known,
Changed and blighted—helpless one,—
Nor could I ward off weakest blow,
Though erst I feared no mortal foe.

Then pray ye to the King of Heaven,
That mercy to my soul be given;
And O! that all who for me pray
For grace, may find it. Lord, may they,
From sin and wretchedness set free,
Dwell aye in Paradise with thee!"

I always admired the character of the Black Prince extremely, but never so much as since I have read those very touching lines.

At the east end, near a beautiful window of old painted glass, is a massive granite chair, in which the kings of Kent were crowned. I could fancy I beheld in it some majestic figure, with commanding blue eyes, light curling beard, and proud thick lips, receiving the crown and sceptre from a venerable prelate; that I saw multitudes of light-haired, fierce-looking Saxons, bending their knees joyfully before the new sovereign—shouts of joy rend the air, mingled

with a wild music of uncouth warlike instruments. The monarch's heart beats triumphantly; and as he proudly views his hosts of brave and hardy subjects, he fondly imagines the words they utter will prove true, and that he shall live for ever!

Where is now his soul, and where are those of his numerous subjects? Not even a stone is left, to show where their bodies lay. All, all have passed away: whatever monuments may have been erected, are removed or destroyed, to make way for the royal remains of their Norman successors. Not even a name can be found to indicate the resting-place of those Saxon kings. Yet the chair is perfect, as though it came yesterday from the stonemason's hands. The archbishops are now enthroned in it.

There sat Thomas à Becket, the revered of men, the favorite of monarchs. How many ambitious visions may have crossed his proud gaze in that very chair!—how did they end? In the north transept is shown the pavement on which he fell, murdered by the arm of an assassin. A piece stained with his blood has been

cut out, and is now preserved with great veneration at Rome, as a relic. He was canonized, and at his shrine many miracles were performed. Was this one of his ambitious dreams?

I wandered along a dimly-lighted passage to the baptistry. It is a beautiful little circular building; its richly-decorated arches receive a faint and mellowed light from three stained glass windows. Never did I behold so beautiful an effect of light, or rather dimness, and from the further end of the passage, when emerging from the church, it has a most magically solemn appearance. I could scarcely tear myself from this awfully hallowed spot; but Mr. B—— begged me to proceed along another passage which leads to the cloisters. These are of the most beautiful style of Gothic; and their blackened and mouldering appearance inspires an indescribable feeling of mingled gloom and pleasure.

Oxford, Sunday, September 17.—Delightfully tired after a long walk—oh! the bliss of solitude

and liberty of thought, and speech, or rather of silence, in such a place as this! What an enchanting contrast to the bustling talking life in London! How mentally luxurious has been our ramble over the deserted colleges! Yet I have enjoyed that of the society of many dear friends, and I enjoy this place the more from having done so.

We like variety and contrast, even when we have been in the full enjoyment of what we have left. A friend one day gravely remarked, as he sauntered up and down the sunny terrace of his old house, "There is nothing so delightful in this world as monotony."

"Yes," said W—, "monotony is delightful; that is, now and then, by way of variety."

To return to our walk. We first went to morning service at St. Mary's, a fine church, whose noble tower and spire are of such importance in Oxford views; the interior is now beautifully restored, but a heavy Grecian porch disfigures the exterior, which is much decayed. There was no sermon; but we afterwards walked through the beautiful High Street to the Mag-

dalene Bridge, and round by the picturesque pinnacles of Merton College to Christ Church walks: the venerable appearance of the time-worn buildings, the beauty and tranquil grandeur of the whole scene, gave rise to solemn thoughts, and feelings as eloquent and improving as any sermon could have been.

It is vacation time, and the whole place deserted. We wandered through the great square of Christ Church College, and threaded all the windings of the little inner courts without meeting a human being. I was glad of this—there was nothing to disturb the imagination: it has full scope to derive impressions from this sanctuary of learning and genius, and to people the deserted courts with students of the olden time, to listen to the silent voice of the eloquent walls around.

They told of the many generations of masters and scholars who have arisen among them and passed away; of the aspirations for glory and fame which have here been breathed; of the talents which have been fostered; and the celebrated characters who have here, perhaps,

received the first impressions of the beautiful, the sublime, and the good.

Here, for once at least in their lives, must the good taste and mental qualities of the student be called forth ; and how delightful must it be in after life to look back on the few years past amid these walls.

We went into the old hall, a noble room, and rendered particularly interesting by the portraits it contains. That of Queen Elizabeth, by Zuchero, is certainly very ugly, and Henry VIII. looks fatter than ever.

As I thought on many of the brilliant geniuses whose names reflect such glory on this place, the question occurred to me : Has the praise they received during their lives, or the incense paid to their memory, conduced to their happiness above ? Are they now in a more blessed state than the humble, nameless mason who chisled the old stones in yonder wall ? Will their fame endure even here below, when these ancient courts will be in ruins, when from some distant and now barbarous land, a traveller may visit the site of this town and ponder over its

origin?—when the very language in which the works were written, which created their fame, our dear old English, may be an unknown tongue?

And further still, at the great day when time shall be no longer, when the world shall melt with fervent heat, the spirits of some of the proudest names we now revere may, perhaps, tremble at the approach of the Son of God in power and great glory—may call on the rocks to cover them, and the hills to fall on them. Their very fame, the wide-spread influence of their example or writings, may then rise up in judgment against them, for unto them much had been given and of them much will be required; while to the obscure artizan, who has improved his own talent, the joyful words may be addressed: “Enter thou into the joy of the Lord.”

It was a grave autumnal day, which harmonized well with the scene. I sat down to rest on one of the steps of the great staircase which leads to the hall, and admired the peculiar purple tint which pervaded the whole scene, and

the depth and richness of the shadows. There is something delightful in feeling that we form a part, as it were, of this luxurious and mellowed colouring. I have often experienced the same kind of pleasure in diving into the dim mysterious twilight of the interior of an old building as I should from listening to lovely music, or inhaling a delightful perfume.

There was something peculiarly impressive in the perfect silence which reigned, a silence which might "be felt." At this moment the great clock struck. Never shall I forget its full rich solemn tone—the "knell of departed hours."

How many, long since mouldering in the dust, have heard that sound!—how often must that clock have witnessed the turning point which makes or mars a character! As I gazed on its quiet face, I thought of those lines composed on an old time-piece :

" What now thou doest or art about to do,
Will help to give thee peace or make thee rue,
When wavering o'er the dot this hand shall tell
The moment that secures thee heaven or hell."

We returned by Corpus Christi College, now under repair, and wandered through Oriel College, a very interesting building. Its blackened walls and highly ornamented gables give it an air of great antiquity. We admired particularly the porch opposite the street entrance, with its tower and clock, and the statues of Edward II. and III.; and were delighted with the sweet perfume of the mignonette which grows round the square court, and whose bright and living green contrasts so well with the dark purple time-worn hue of the decaying stones.

Monday.—Went out early this morning, and sauntered about, enjoying the beauty of the architecture and colouring which continually meets the eye, sometimes so strikingly, from an unexpected corner. We went round by the side of Queen's College, the beautiful Saint Edmund's Hall, and Peter's Church, to New College. Admired the inner court and garden there—the stately gothic wings, the end of one covered by a deep-red-leaved creeper.

We entered the magnificent hall, where dinner was being laid for two solitary dons at one little

corner of a gigantic table, at the upper end of the room. This was the only sign of bodily life we have seen in Oxford, out of the hotel. Over the table is the portrait of William of Wykeham, the founder of this college.

I have a particular veneration for that sedate-looking old gentleman with the thin nose, for his name is associated with all my antique memorials of early days,—all those happy hours when I wandered over the church and cloisters of St. Cross, and sought for vestiges of old Saxon buildings, and gazed on painted glass windows, and Norman arches, with childish but fervent antiquarian enthusiasm.

Perhaps the beauty of Wykeham's monument at Winchester Cathedral, with those of Fox and Waynflete, may have, in early days, given rise to the intense pleasure which is always excited in my mind by the sight of gothic architecture.

Influenced by a feeling of gratitude to my dear old friend the bishop, I regarded with peculiar veneration his crosier, which was shewn us in the chapel. From the communion-table the effect of the painted glass window of the anti-

chapel, seen through the organ, is quite magical ; and then the old Flemish painted windows at the side ! One can scarcely fancy that the light comes through them, the Saints and Martyrs appear so like real living and gorgeous figures, on which a strong light is shining. This is not the case with the modern ones opposite, though they are extremely well done, and in any other position would be very much admired.

We afterwards went to Magdalene College, that most noble and rich structure, with its cloister surrounded by grotesque hieroglyphics. It also has a pretty park and several walks, of which I think Addison's by the river the most beautiful.

In the chapel the elaborate stone-work of the screen shews that in this department modern art can equal that of former times. At the altar is a fine painting of our Lord bearing the cross, said to be by Morales, and brought from Vigo by the last Duke of Ormonde. The face is full of expression ; and there is a wonderful tremulousness in the attitude. The weary hands seem really to shake beneath the weight of the

cross. I can fancy that if a Catholic gazed on that representation of our Saviour with devout adoration, he must almost think that it lives. The founder of this college was Bishop Waynfleet; there is a tomb of his father in an oratory near the communion-table, with a small figure of his son, in his mitre, as a supporter at the head.

Then we went to Merton College,—but how foolish to attempt a description of those interesting objects which are so well known.

But the Bodleian!—Oh! what a room is the lower library, with its curiously ornamented and coloured ceiling, the rich tracery of its painted glass windows, delightful little curtained recesses for study, and the collection of manuscripts most temptingly displayed in glass cases! Above all, its reminiscences and antiquity. What an inspiring place,—how delightful to be a student there, and inhale the atmosphere of learning that pervades the place!

I love even the smell of the old moth-scented books and worm-eaten shelves; then how interesting are the portraits in the upper galleries! That of Mary Queen of Scots, by Zuchero, is

one of the prettiest I have seen of all the varieties dispersed about the world; and the funny one of Burleigh on a white mule amused us much.

I adore a library, and should be glad to think that some volumes of my thoughts might slumber on its dusty shelves. Yes; even if they were never read, it seems to me a pleasant sort of tomb for the mind—an appropriate abode of repose for the best and most genuine part of ourselves.

To publish our thoughts and writings is often considered presumptuous; but surely without reason, for no one is obliged to read our productions if they do not like. To talk is not reckoned presumptuous; yet if we consider well, there is, in reality, more presumption in doing so than in writing.

I have never been able to enjoy the pleasure which many experience in uttering their real thoughts and feelings. The idea that my conversation will bore people, haunts me, and continually shuts my mouth. But I never feel this when writing, because I know that no one need read a word if they do not choose.

Our best friends may tell us they have not read our books, and run no risk of being considered rude; but who could safely refuse to listen to our uttered thoughts, or venture to betray impatience and inattention? I have therefore great pleasure in writing, because I feel that people may most independently throw down my book whenever they like.

Another liberty, too, which friends and the public may take with authors, is, that they may abuse their books, a liberty which can seldom be ventured on in conversation. And yet it is called presumptuous to write—to do a thing which entails no forbearance, no ceremony, no annoyance on any one!

I do not mean by this to imply that I am at all insensible to the fate of my writings: on the contrary, I have no wish to hear or see my works neglected or abused; but still, if either of these two evils happen to me, I must derive consolation from the reflection that it is better to endure them than to have lived on in continual dumbness.

An author generally receives but little praise

from his own relations and those who have lived much with him, because they have generally been deceived in his character. The most common motive which actuates amateur writers, is a desire for sympathy—a longing to be more fully understood. The very circumstance of writing shews that the person who does so, has something within which cannot manifest itself in other ways.

Those characters which have been fully understood and appreciated in early life, seldom take the trouble to write, or indeed to aim at excellence in any particular pursuit. This observation may be applied in some degree, also, to amateur painters and musicians.

Now, no one likes to have been deceived in the characters of those whom they have known from childhood ; and therefore, a person who gives utterance, either in writing, painting, or music, to ideas which had been a long time concealed, is sure to cause a feeling of humiliation to those who have been deceived in him.

Some people do not discover, till late in life, how to express their sentiments, while others are

able to do so in early youth. Some never ! And yet I believe many feel at times, as Rogers expresses so beautifully, that

“ Passions that slept are stirring in his frame ;
Thoughts undefined, feelings without a name !
And some not here called forth may slumber on,
Till this vain pageant of a world is gone ;
Lying too deep for things which perish here,
Waiting for life but in a nobler sphere.”

All these wishes to be understood, to develop our feelings and make them plain to others, may be very foolish. But we cannot help clinging to the hope that even if those who seem to have known us intimately do not comprehend us, our writings may still procure sympathy for us among total strangers.

A dear friend of mine often maintains that the strong desire I feel for posthumous fame is innocent. But I am sure it is even more dangerous than a desire for present applause. It is ambition of a more intense and passionate kind. It makes us do more and work longer and more perseveringly. It is an all-absorbing secret, an

ever-enduring quality. The desire for posthumous fame becomes entwined with our very being, and is, I think, the highest development of the passion of ambition.

Though I see all the danger of this, yet there is much to induce one to write, even without any view of fame. There is a great deal of truth in what Channing says :

“ We doubt whether a man brings his faculties to bear with their whole force on a subject, until he writes upon it for the instruction or gratification of others.”

But some people say, “ Why cannot you be satisfied to print a few copies, and give them to friends ?” This I think would be utterly useless. I am sure that no work would be interesting to friends which is not so to the public ; besides, the opinion of strangers is unbiassed by those erroneous impressions about the author's character, which, as I before said, friends have generally imbibed.

Before we returned home from the Bodleian Library, it was quite dark ; and in hopes that the

moon would make its appearance, we sauntered round by All Soul's College, to the Radcliff; in this we were disappointed: however, the sky was sufficiently clear to show the dim outlines of the spires, pinnacles and gable ends, and a beautiful scene was that behind St. Mary's Church. One side of the Radcliff Library was faintly illumined by (alas! how unpoetic,) a gas lamp, and through the gateway of All Souls, the new white towers looked like gigantic ghosts of gothic architecture.

We left Oxford with much regret. The view from Magdalene bridge is indeed worthy of its celebrity, and so is every part of that most interesting town. We were so perplexed by the constant, yet ever varying beauty of all we saw in Oxford—the dark, yet brilliant and fresh verdure of the trees, which blends most harmoniously with the purple and brown hue of the venerable buildings, that we scarcely knew what college, court, or church, to admire most.

All I know, is, that I never beheld a place which pleased me so much, or excited so many interesting imaginings. I feel too that it is a

pleasure which will not soon fade : that often and often, when far away, when days and years have rolled by, my sleepless pillow will be soothed by the pictures which Oxford has imprinted on my mind. I shall see New College-chapel, and luxuriate in the view from the summit of the Radcliff library, over the crowded splendor of gothic ornaments ; and think of the chapel of old Merton college, with its beautiful eastern window, and the old quaint-looking little oriel pulpit in the corner, on the outside of Magdalene church, where sermons were formerly delivered, when the court was hung with green bows, and strewed with rushes, in remembrance of Saint John's preaching in the wilderness.

I shall hear the peculiar and soul-stirring sound of the Great Tom, and the dead and solemn silence which reigns in the place. Yes, these two days at Oxford have given food to my imagination, and stored my pictorial memory for years—should years be mine !

CHAPTER IX.

Leamington—A Home picture—Thoughts on Education
—A Month at School.

Leamington, Monday.—Building! building! where full-grown houses do not already stand—nothing to be seen but bricks and mortar—scaffolding—saw-pits—heaps of stones—excavations in every direction. In vain I try to get a country walk. To-day, when admiring a beautiful view on a hill, when I was congratulating the face of the soil on its state of green repose, I nearly fell into a pit, alas! intended for the foundation of a house. I say alas, and again, alas! for in every one of those white-faced, smooth-walled, pretty-looking, paper houses, my imagination beholds the ruins of a good substantial old place, one of those hereditary mansions which have for years, and perhaps centuries, conduced to the

well-being and comfort of the surrounding poor, and enlivened its rich neighbours.

Oh! these watering places; they are the very destruction of our land! How I wish all eloquent clergymen, writers, and moralists, would endeavour to impress on all our minds the iniquity of deserting our old houses. But the worst of it is, that the eloquent clergymen who preach at these kind of places do no such thing. Indeed, the very circumstance of good preachers being found here proves another attraction to those well-meaning and strictly-religious people, who, if they were convinced of the mischief of watering places, would be the first to return and live to their dying hour in the home of their fathers.

I often feel quite ashamed at finding how much my spirits, and indeed happiness, depends upon the sort of aspect, view, and house, in which I live. We have now been in this house a week, and I feel it almost impossible to be unhappy here. Yet it is far from comfortable; nor is the view particu-

larly beautiful; but it looks upon what the Germans call a *freundliches gegend*.

A little garden, not over-well kept, slopes down to a row of low cottages, from whose humble chimnies the smoke is ever curling. I love the meek gentle wreathing of cottage smoke—I could gaze on it for hours. It tells me many a touching story, as I watch its graceful blending with the evening sky. I fancy a thrifty dame preparing the simple repast for the husband against his return home, after a long day of toil. She tidies the room and sweeps the hearth. As the expected hour draws near, and the evening closes in, she fetches another bundle of sticks, the best she can find, and blows the fire with the old creaking bellows. The brightened flame causes her own shadow to dance vividly on the raftered ceiling, and produces that puff of thicker smoke which I now see wreathing upwards in a straight line against the red horizon.

Yes, I love cottage smoke, for it seems to me full of the gentle breathings of meek subdued spirits, of the resigned feelings of those who in this life have not their good things, whose scanty

fare is obtained by labour, who, when sick and in distress, have none to comfort them. Yet it excites in my mind a feeling more of peace than of compassion; for the cottage has its lowly joys, and I think the faith of its inhabitants is stronger than ours in "things unseen;" they look forward with more cheerful confidence to the time when "all tears will be wiped from their eyes." They are indeed nearer the kingdom of heaven.

The very smell of cottage smoke to me is interesting. It is the ashes of brushwood, withered leaves, and fern, and puts me in mind of all those sweet things on which the summer sun has shone—dells and woody thickets, where bees and butterflies have wanted, and village children played. How different from the proud and murky volume which puffs and fumes out of the kitchen-chimnies of the great—telling of sumptuous fare, vanity, and ostentation—of pampered red-faced cooks, mixing with injurious skill the elements of temptation, of disease, and remorse! But I am wandering far from the home view I was describing.

Over these said little cottages I see meadows

and trees and the winding river. Nothing either very grand or beautiful, but there are happy-looking cows and sheep ; and every evening, as the sun shoots its farewell rays through the distant and now leafless trees, a boy comes and drives—no, not drives—for the willing animals precede him of themselves, happy to go to their place of nightly rest.

Then this room is due south, and has a projecting window, in which I often muse, and sun and moon myself. From this I can look into the corresponding windows of the two next houses. That on the left is often tenanted by an old fat lady, who occasionally dozes over a newspaper, or smiles at her friends : I see her lips often move, and conclude she is conversing with other people whom I cannot see.

There is air of solid sense in her appearance, and I imagine she is saying all sorts of kind, improving things. I feel sure I should gain wisdom if I heard her talk. She is intent on her subject, satisfied with her employment, never looks round to speculate foolishly on her perhaps foolish neighbour.

Truly she is a wise lady, with her black silk

dress and neat white cap ; and I am certain would be as happy if she were seated in a dark hole in the city as in that comfortable room.

The window on my right is filled with beautiful flowers : I hear that it is inhabited by a poor sufferer who has not been out of it, or off her sofa, for three years. I cannot look on those gay flowers, or smell their delicious perfume, without breathing a prayer for her, and a thanksgiving that none of my friends or myself are thus afflicted.

Beyond is seen the pretty terraced garden of Lord E—'s villa, and part of the gable-ends and oriel windows of the house. All this is delightful ; it has not the circumscribed publicity of a street—(oh, how I hate *opposite* houses !)—and yet I feel surrounded with interesting fellow creatures without being molested by them.

I have been reading Hazlitt's Table Talk, and am much pleased with it, particularly the chapter on personal character. I quite agree with him that our qualities are natural—that we never change our characters. A good education may

modify, may teach us to prevent our bad qualities from interfering with our actions, but it will never remove the seeds of evil. Nor will years and years of good conduct in after-life preclude the necessity for constant watchfulness. Religion, even in its most pure and active state, does not eradicate our evil tempers. I have seen the most truly pious often suffering from the depravity of their own evil inclinations, many years after they have ceased from doing a single bad action.

“ He who is said to be cured of any glaring infirmity, may be suspected never to have had it.”

“ There is often a contradiction in character, which is composed of various and unequal parts, and hence there will arise an appearance of fickleness and inconstancy.”

“ A self-tormentor is never satisfied ; come what will he always apprehends the worst, and is indefatigable in conjuring up the apprehension of danger. He is uneasy at his own good fortune, as it takes from his favourite topic of repining and complaint. Let him succeed to his heart's content in all that is reasonable or im-

portant, yet if there is any one thing, and that he is sure to find out, in which he does not get on, this embitters all the rest. I know an instance : perhaps it is myself."

I know an instance too, but I cannot say it is always so with me. I have some moments so bright, so happy, that I not only feel transported with joy, but I wonder why I ever felt miserable ; this proceeds from the extreme contradiction of my character.

Again he says,—“ A good natured man never loses his native happiness of disposition : good temper is an estate for life.”

This is the case with M—. She has her sorrows, but her grief is more from without than within. She has, when in grief some positive cause for sorrow, which is visible and intelligible to all around, and the tears which then bedew her cheeks are like drops of rain on a rose. They do not alter the sweetness of her temper ; but on the contrary, they serve to freshen and revive it. Many people fancy that a very good-humoured person is not interesting ; certainly they excite no pity ; for a creature that

is uniformly happy requires none. A bad or violent temper may be more agreeable to common acquaintance, but an intimate friend should be good tempered.

What Hazlitt says of character as well as features running in families is very true. I have seen the most wonderful instances of extreme similarity of tastes, dispositions, and even peculiar movements among distant relations, who have been brought up in quite different degrees of society. The same vices which belonged to some remote ancestor will be found in his descendants.

This nature may be the result of habit in the ancestors. The careful education of several generations may in time improve the breed. I have seen gambling cured in two instances—a father and son. The evil as well as the cure ran in the family. At forty Mr. — had scarcely any thing remaining of the thirty thousand a year he succeeded to at twenty-one. He left off play, and assisted by an indefatigable friend, managed in a few years to recover his property. Before he died he had amassed enough to leave

the same property to his eldest son which he had received from his father, besides a large sum to each of his younger children.

The eldest son did exactly the same. After gambling away nearly all his property he is now saving money, and living in the strictest economy. Are they not then cured of the propensity which induced them to gamble?—certainly not. The cause which induced them first to gamble afterwards induced them to save. Gaming is only the result of a particular propensity, but does not always proceed from the same cause. The desire of gain induces some to gamble—the longing for excitement makes others do so. When the first find their object is not attained they relinquish the pursuit. The same feeling which makes men play, induces some to hunt, drive, or write novels. They wish to stake something, either their life, reputation, or character.

Just as I had finished reading Hazlitt's chapter on Personal Character, I received a letter from a friend at Paris, who has been living there the last four years, for the education of her

younger daughters, and I suppose the edification of her elder ones. Is the present, or will the rising generation be any better for the roving life they lead, and numerous accomplishments they acquire? Are they a jot better than when they all lived in their old country houses? I think not. They have certainly less originality of character, and even excel less in the particular accomplishment for which they may have some natural genius.

Girls who have no taste for music may, perhaps, be taught to sing or play better by Tamburini or Herz, than they would have been by the organist of the country town next to their paternal abode ; but they will not have any more enjoyment in the accomplishment, nor will their audience derive much pleasure from hearing them.

I wish people were persuaded of this. There is nothing to me so melancholy as the sight of old country places deserted by their possessors. If people would but make use of their own eyes and ears, they would see that children who have been brought up in even secluded country

houses, with no better opportunity for instruction than the neighbourhood affords, turn out in after life just as well—and often far better—than the highly taught and often highly tortured young lady who receives lessons from the best masters.

In my large acquaintance, the pleasantest and cleverest are those whose education has been what is usually termed neglected. It is quite a luxury to receive letters from Lady M—. They contain so many original ideas, so much native grace of language. She never wrote a single letter until six months previous to her marriage, never left her father's old place, or received instructions from any one but an old and very unaccomplished governess of the last century. I could mention fifty other instances of this.

Education for their children is not, however, the sole motive which draws people abroad, or makes them desert their substantial country houses for some fragile abode in the Waterloo Crescent or Wellington Terrace of some fashionable watering place. But education is often the excuse which reconciles their consciences to the desertion of their homes, and therefore I wish

the plea could be removed. I believe one great bar to its being so is the general belief, that our qualities are not natural, but entirely the effect of education. Surely, a very slight examination of character, and the recollection of the kind of education received, will be sufficient to shew in how trifling a degree dispositions are biassed by the influence or even example of their instructors. I do not say that they are wholly without influence, but that they do not possess it to the extent which is generally supposed. Our conduct may be altered, but not our hearts. We learn to act a part in the school of the world, but our feelings or likings remain the same as they were formed by nature.

At eighteen we may have learned a great deal, but if we have had no pleasure in the acquirement of our knowledge, we shall soon forget it. Acquired talents may procure rich husbands, but they will not make happy wives. On the contrary, when a man discovers that all the proficiency which first rivetted his admiration, is but the result of great effort, and that his wife, her object being attained, neglects to keep up

her accomplishments, which, before marriage, appeared to give her so much pleasure, he turns away with a feeling of disappointment.

If, on the other hand, her affection for him is sufficiently strong to induce her to keep up all her means of pleasing, he will soon be bored to death by finding that her accomplishments engross so much of her time, and he will wish the piano at the bottom of the sea, destined as he is to undergo the annoyance of hearing continual practising.

Depend upon it, no good can come of forcing over much *the natural* bent of our dispositions. Hazlitt certainly pushes his arguments too far, or sometimes, I think, says more than he means, and forces things to bear upon the subject on which he is thinking. Thus, in his chapter on Personal Character, he makes every thing innate, and in other parts of the book he finds out that qualities proceed from habit or some external cause. He says, "kings are remarkable for long memories in the merest trifles."

"This kind of personal memory is the natural effect of that self importance which makes them

attach a corresponding significance to all that comes in contact with themselves."

Here he is led away by his hatred of legitimacy to say, that this quality in kings is the result of habit, though in the next chapter he maintains that all qualities are natural. It is amusing to observe how people will twist their own maxims to support their own prejudices. He makes an assertion in the first volume, to which I think few people would assent :

"Shakespeare had no knowledge of his own character ; he only studied others."

We cannot understand the motives of others unless we find the clue in our own bosoms. Shakespeare must not only have possessed one of the most versatile characters that ever existed, but he must have had a perfect knowledge of it.

All the observation and experience in the world will not prevent a simple-minded amiable person from being constantly taken in : why ? —because he cannot suspect in others that which he does not feel in himself. On the other hand, cunning, designing dispositions require no expe-

rience to teach them that the world is false, because they expect to find it as they feel themselves to be.

I believe that the most able authors have seldom any real character in their eye when writing. They describe, indeed, from past observation, which has its origin rather in themselves than in others; or, as I said before, from knowing the motives of others by comparison with their own. We cannot do this without acquiring much self-knowledge. Shakespeare could never have said,

“ — Above all to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man,”

unless he had a thorough knowledge of the qualities of his own mind.

I have been sometimes surprised why the beautiful parts of Shakespeare touch me less than some passages in Schiller, Goëthe, Dante, &c. At first I attributed the superior pleasure the latter produced to the novelty of the language.

There may be something in this, but it is not the sole cause. It is that we have from earliest childhood heard Shakespeare quoted, and that we became acquainted with his words before our taste and judgment were sufficiently matured to appreciate his ideas, or enter fully into his meaning. This, I fear, is often the case with Scripture, and the prayers of our beautiful Liturgy.

I have just been trying to feel and admire the collect for the twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity; but alas! the "Stir up," at the very outset, recalls so forcibly to mind the day when I was condemned to learn it by heart, when shivering with the cold, and my freezing senses thinking only of the pleasure it would be to "Stir up the fire!" In the same uncomfortable manner, many parts of the Psalms recal to my mind those perverse days when I was a naughty child, and could not, or would not learn them by heart—the cold corner in which I was condemned to sit—and the governess's rigid countenance.

Oh! what a difficult thing is education. Many

and great are the defects in the usual system; the greatest of all is the unceasing effort of parents and instructors to force their pupils to learn. Life is turned topsy-turvy by this fatal endeavour. Those studies and pursuits, which would prove resources in mature age, are labour and sorrow to lively gay youth. It is reversing the order of nature to make a child sit and pore over a book, the contents of which he cannot admire.

“Der mensch kann nur dasjenige wollen was er liebt; seine Liebe ist der einzige, zugleich auch, der unfehlbare Antrieb seines Wollen und aller seiner Lebens-Regung und Bewegung,” says Fichte.

The most important thing in education, is that which is generally least attended to, and yet it is most intimately connected with our fate in this world and in the next. This is, to create a disposition for enjoyment. Happiness seems to be the very last thing for which parents educate their children. Yet what is the use of all the learning in the world without happiness? How is this disposition to be given? It is not easy to

do so; but this, like other difficulties, can be overcome by perseverance. We must remember, however, that we cannot easily inculcate a feeling in a child's mind, which we do not possess ourselves.

If we are discontented with our lot, and give way to complaints about the evils of our life, we cannot expect that our children will be ever disposed to be satisfied with theirs; unless, indeed, they happen to be endowed with a strong spirit of contradiction, which said quality often effectually counteracts the injurious effects of a bad education. Still I wish people would bear in mind the importance of giving to their pupils this disposition for the acquirement of happiness. For after all, the efforts of mind are the most powerful and effective which spring from pleasure, or the gratification of impulse; as a kind action, done from motives of mere duty, is never half so gratifying, either to the doer or receiver, as one which springs spontaneously from the heart.

Before we make a child learn a thing, we should try and instil into its mind a desire for

knowledge. Let the first consideration be to make your child happy, though it grow up a dunce; for of what avail are talents and acquirements if they afford no enjoyment to the possessor?

Among the many impediments to a good education, the variety of tastes in instructors and parents is perhaps the greatest. For their own credit sake they endeavour to make the children excel in something; and that something is, alas! often what the poor pupil has the least talent for.

There are very few characters so utterly barren as not to possess a taste for some particular acquirement. Find out what that taste is; or, if you are determined that the child shall embrace any particular line, you must inculcate a taste for it from the time of its birth. If you are determined your daughter shall be a good musician, you must, whilst she is yet a baby, make all her associations connected with music pleasant. But this is extremely difficult; for after all your caution and labour, a single accident may destroy the whole charm.

We may easily find out the defects in those parts of our own education which memory will reach, if we give ourselves the trouble to reflect; and this might be of some use in regulating that of others.

I am deeply impressed with the disadvantages of a solitary education, from having been an only child. Yet I do not think the danger lies where people usually suppose. It is not because an only child is likely to be petted and spoiled—that indeed may be corrected in after life: the equalizing school of the world inflicts a few smarts and lashes which soon remedy those defects. Even children who cry for the moon, must discover it cannot be obtained, and thus soon learn to curb their fancies.

The greatest evil of a solitary education consists in this,—that the child's affections are liable to be concentrated too much on a few people, and these few are so much older that they inspire more love than confidence. The child thus acquires a habit of loving and venerating, but not that of imparting its own feelings to another; and the result is reserve and coldness of

manner towards those with whom he does not live. No general feeling of benevolence is acquired; no sympathy with our fellow creatures;—at least this was the case with myself. I do not regret having been petted and spoiled; I early began to discover that strangers did not see with the eyes of those who loved me—that where my own relations saw perfections, others found defects, and *vice-versa*—that my friends condemned what to strangers was all perfection. Perhaps a child who lived less in public than I did might have become more conceited. Still its conceit would only have had a later fall than mine.

But that which has thrown a gloom over my life, from which I find it so difficult to recover, is the loss of those dear few on whom my affections were centred. My heart grew up in them, and I never acquired the habit of making new attachments; all with me was old—past—gone by—and now I am left nearly alone.

A handsome man has only half an hour's start of an ugly one to win a woman's heart, said Curran. I think a person whose mind or body

is early exercised in any particular study or accomplishment, has scarcely half an hour's start of one who begins the same study many years later, from his own free-will, after he has arrived at years of manhood.

The formation of our character depends much more on accident than design. How seldom do children turn out as their parents intend. How diametrically opposite are their qualities, pursuits and tastes, from what their parents wished. I like to see this; it shows that however great the errors of our instructors may have been, there is a superintending Providence which directs everything, and by keeping up that admirable balance which may be perceived throughout nature, causes good to spring up where evil was sown; and sometimes, in his wisdom, which none can question, is pleased to frustrate the best laid plan of education by allowing tares to choke the good seed.

Degerando says, in his *Du Perfectionnement Morale*, "Si nous donnons tant de soins à l'éducation, dont les fruits subsisteront seulement pendant quelques années, et s'évanouiront

peut-être par une mort précoce, quel attention, quels efforts ne demande pas celle dont les fruits doivent l'étendre un jour dans un avenir sans incertitudes comme sans limites ? Enfans de la terre, nous faisons d'immenses provisions pour un court et incertain voyage ; enfans du ciel, que ne devons nous pas amasser pour le séjour de l'immortalité !”

With this last object in view, it is indeed impossible to take too much trouble about the education of the young ; but as Degerando says, it is generally for this world alone that persons are anxious to educate their children ; and this is what induces them to fly from their immediate sphere of usefulness, to those countries where accomplishments can be learned so much better than at home.

Yesterday I had a long conversation with dear Mary L—— on our respective educations. I always thought, that much of the unhappiness of her disposition proceeded from having been what is called spoiled when a child. She herself had been of my opinion for a long time : but after much reflection, and endeavours to recollect

exactly the circumstances which had most influenced the formation of her character, she felt convinced, that a harsh, or even commonly severe system, would not have done for her. Her character is certainly a very extraordinary one ; and the description she gave me of part of her childhood, shows how very difficult is the task of education. As there is nothing like actual experience, and as I think a detail of her case might be amusing and useful, I will relate it, as well as I can remember, in her own words :

“ I once thought that had I been well beaten when a child, I should have turned out both happier and better ; but on reflection, and the comparison of my character with others, I am now convinced, that a hard system would not have done for me. In the first place, I should not have been better ; for even spoilt and wayward as I may now appear, my moral standard is perhaps higher than that of others. Now as to happiness ;—as far as I can discover, my melancholy is chiefly produced by finding so few

things or people which come up to my standard of perfection, together with an over fastidiousness of taste, and a want of that natural elasticity of disposition or animal spirits, which forms a great portion of the happiness of many people, or stands in lieu of it.

“ Would beating or harsh treatment have given me that sort of spirit? Would it not have produced more unpleasant reminiscences, and thus increased the number of gloomy associations of ideas? Had I been brought up by people of less partial affection and of a sterner nature, I doubt whether they would ever have had the heart to correct me harshly.

“ Though I am conscious of having had, even as a child, the root of every bad passion in my heart, I always appeared good and amiable, and was so anxious to please those I loved, that had I been with persons over whose minds I had less influence—if I could not have made them contented to let me do as I liked, I think I should have obeyed them, without the necessity of any compulsion to make me do so.

“ Indeed, I went once, when I was ten years

old, for a short time, after the departure of my first governess (who did whatever I liked), to a daily school, which was kept by a very severe mistress, and where the rod was not spared, nor the slightest fault overlooked. I did not much like the idea of it, but determined to have my own way, and not to do or learn more than I chose. A conversation, which I happened to overhear between mamma and a visitor, the day before I was to go to school, altered my resolution.

“ ‘My dear friend,’ said the visitor, ‘I am glad to hear you are going to send your child to Miss B——’s school; it is high time she should learn something—but I am afraid the poor little spoilt thing will get sadly punished.’

“ ‘I do not think she is spoiled,’ said mamma; ‘though she has always been indulged, certainly.’

“ ‘Ah, my dear friend, your eyes will soon be opened—you will see how much harm you have done your child. How will she ever be able to learn all the difficult lessons Miss B—— will give, when, I believe, she has never learnt anything by heart in her life?’

“ ‘ We shall see,’ said my mother, in a confident tone of voice.

“ ‘ Yes, we shall see,’ thought I, while my cheeks glowed with pride and determination; ‘ no one shall have to say dear mamma has spoilt her child.’

“ The next day I was taken at an early hour to Miss B——’s house. It was a cold December morning—foggy, dark and dismal; a sort of day which always depressed my spirits and chilled my faculties; however, the visitor’s words still tingled in my ears, and nerved me with courage to encounter the still more chilling face of the severe mistress.

“ But alas! everything in her house looked even more harsh and miserable than I expected. Instead of the comfortably-carpeted rooms, filled with luxurious furniture, in which I had always lived, a wide expanse of cold deal floor, and a few forms and tables of the same ugly material, was all that met my eye.

“ Twelve girls, all older and larger than myself, with red noses, and subdued though cross countenances, sat writing, or rather hold-

ing pens in their chilblained fingers. Some stared at me with looks of surprise and commiseration, others with malicious pleasure. The sounds of two pianos, playing different airs in adjoining rooms, met my poor ears, which were keenly sensitive to discords!

“The room was dreadfully cold; the breath of each girl curled up before her face in the chill atmosphere. Instead of the cheerful fires, which on such chilling days as this burnt in every room, and passage, and staircase of my own dear home, a little faint red light, beneath a pile of coal-dust, was all that was visible in the large chimney of Miss B——’s school. I felt not its warmth; and in order to satisfy myself that it really was a fire, I approached the rugless hearth.

“‘You must not pass that *mark*,’ said the tall schoolmistress, pointing to a line of chalk, which was drawn along the board, about two feet from the hearth-stone.

“I was just going to say, ‘I will;’ when I remembered, that they might perhaps say dear mamma had spoilt her child; so I drew back,

and with a violent effort repressed the tears which were forcing themselves into my eyes.

“ ‘Come and sit here,’ said Miss B—— ; ‘and take notice of all that the girls do ; for to-morrow you will have to do the same. Now then,’ she continued, addressing the biggest of the twelve girls, ‘call in the other young ladies for the Geography lesson.’

“ Fortunately for me, the discordant pianos ceased, and two more girls, with blue cheeks and purple hands, made their appearance. The whole set then stood in a strait line, and Miss B—— asked a question, pointing with a long stick to the one who was to answer—‘Where is Kamschatka?’

“ ‘In the Red Sea,’ replied the girl, after a pause.

“ ‘For shame! go to the bottom of the class.’

“ But it would be useless to relate all I saw or heard during that weary day. My heart ached with apprehension, my hands and feet with cold ; my head felt dizzy and confused, and I almost despaired of ever being able to learn half the lessons I heard them say. However,

all things in this world come to an end, and so did my first day of trial.

“ The shades of evening at last began to fall ; a dozen flaring tallow candles were brought in, with the joyful news that the carriage was come to take me away. Miss B—— then gave me eight books, with the places marked in pencil where I was to learn. I longed to reason with her, as I had done so successfully with my governess, on the inutility of learning those hard things ; but I thought of my mother, and subdued my rebellious spirit, and taking up the books, returned home.

“ Mamma was overjoyed at seeing me ; it was the first time we had been separated for so many hours. I gave her an account of all I had seen and heard. ‘ You shall not go there again, darling. I see you are quite pale and trembling ; it will make you ill.’

“ I felt a thrill of delight at these words, but I shook my head and said, ‘ No, dearest mamma, I will not give it up, till I try and see if I can learn as well as those girls. Here are the books ; half a page of Dictionary, four French

verbs, fifty lines of poetry, a great piece of horrible Geography, Murray's Grammar, and a page of Scripture questions and answers !'

" 'Why, my darling, it is more than you have learned in your entire life ; I am sure it will kill you and confuse your brains !—no, no, I'll write a note this minute to Miss B——.'

" 'Stay,' I said, 'just let me see ; for I really feel as if I could learn it all here. I will sit down by the nice warm fire, and you shall hear me say them when I have done.' I sat down, and with a desperate effort of attention, read over each of the lessons ; then giving mamma the books, to the infinite surprise of both her and myself, I repeated them all, without making a single mistake.

" The next morning I went to Miss B——, full of hope and confidence. I cared not for the cold room or dark fire, jingling pianos, or red-nosed girls ; for I hoped to show that my adored mother had been right, and that I was not spoilt.

" It was earlier than the day before, and some of the girls were learning the same lessons

which I was about to say. I saw their lips move over and over again, while their eyes were fixed on the same place in the book. What can they be about? thought I—and approached nearer to one.

“ ‘Cracow, the capital of Poland, is situated on the river Vistula,’ repeated the girl several times; then putting the book behind her back, she went on saying the whole thing, making however, several mistakes.

“ ‘What do you do that for?’ I ventured to inquire.

“ ‘What do I do it for?’ said she, impatiently; ‘why, how else could I learn my lesson?’

“ ‘Well,’ thought I, ‘it is fortunate I did not know that was the way to learn a lesson, for I am sure, if I had repeated it over so often, it would have gone out of my head.’

“The formidable-looking straight line was soon after formed. From being the youngest, I was placed at the bottom. Questions in Scripture History were asked, first to the upper girls: they made mistakes—I set them right, and, in a few minutes, was half way up the class.

“ The same thing happened at the other lessons ; and little as I was, I soon stood at the top of a row of tall big girls, and received high commendations from Miss B——, and many black looks from the astonished girls.

“ But further trials awaited me ; I was led into a smaller but still more miserable-looking room, which looked upon some dismal fir-trees in a little garden ; and my diminutive hands were placed on the jingling piano, which had so horribly annoyed my ears.

“ ‘ Do you know your notes, Miss ? ’ inquired the teacher, a thin, sour-looking woman, with a sharp nose and chin, and small reddish eyes, which looked different ways. ‘ Yes,’ I replied, while I could not help trembling beneath her severe gaze.

“ ‘ Do you think you can play this ? ’ she continued, taking up a well-thumbed piece of music.

“ ‘ I will try.’

“ ‘ Well, but remember, and look at it well first ; for if you make more than six mistakes in each page, you will have a bad mark—that is, a

double portion of some lesson to learn ; but, on the contrary, if you play it through, without one false note, you will have a good mark. I rubbed my fingers, which began to look very blue and felt very stiff ; then with the same kind of determined energy and attention, which had carried me so successfully through the lessons, I played over the air without any blunder, and received the good mark.

“ Soon inured to alphabetic toils,
Alert I met the Dame with jocund smiles ;
First at the form, my task for ever true,
A little favorite rapidly I grew ;
And oft she stroked my head with fond delight,
Held me a pattern to the dunce's sight ;
And as she gave my diligence its praise,
Talked of the honours of my future days.

“ Oh ! had the venerable matron thought
Of all the ills by talent often brought ;
Could she have seen me, when revolving years
Had brought me deeper in the vale of tears,
Then had she wept, and wished my wayward fate
Had been a lowlier, an unlettered state ;
Wished that, remote from worldly woes and strife,
Unknown, unheard, I might have passed through life.”

“ I remained at the school till we went to London for the season ; and during the two months, I never called forth the slightest reprimand from the severe schoolmistress, or sour, ill-tempered teacher. Yet, strange to say, the girls saw me depart with regret ; for though they often quarrelled among themselves, and were disposed to be jealous of my facility for learning, they soon liked me extremely ; and with the elder ones I became a decided favorite.

“ Still we never understood each other ; they could not comprehend how it was that I never required either stocks to make me turn out my toes, or collar to make me hold up my head ; nor could I understand what could possibly induce them to commit errors for which they knew they were to be punished. The eyes and noses of all were more than usually red on the day of my departure ; the hard features of the schoolmistress relaxed into somewhat like a sorrowful smile ; and the sharp teacher actually condescended to press her thin lips on my forehead, whilst she shook my hand, and said I was

a dear good child, and the only one who had never given her any trouble.

"My success at Miss B—'s school did not, however, give me any taste for learning, and in London, during the ensuing season, I attended but little to the instructions of my masters, except the one who taught me drawing. No longer stimulated by the wish of showing that mamma was right, I became more indolent than ever, from the conviction I had acquired, that I could do anything when I chose.

"I have told you all this," continued Mary L—, "to show that in my case the rod would have been of no use, and that affection and reason were the only powers which could rule me. Not that I must now, consequently, be a 'dear good woman;' for alas! that is very far from being the case, and I only feel deeply humiliated when I reflect what a bad use I have made of the good disposition which God gave me.

"My example also shows that so far as acquirements go, a child has a good chance of becoming proficient in any pursuit, though not commenced before ten years of age."

I have no doubt a reflecting mind would perceive, in the above narration of my friend's school education and adventures, and in the description of her feelings at ten years old, the elements of much future unhappiness. That powerful energy which enabled her to change suddenly from the most idle, careless, and thoughtless child, into a persevering, steady, and studious being,—that energy must, by its very intensity, become in after life a dangerous quality. That deep affection for her mother, which made her toil and labour with unwearied and unceasing perseverance at employments which she disliked, in a cold miserable house, where every feeling of her sensitive nature was shocked, that same deep love is the feeling most likely to produce lasting unhappiness. That sensitiveness to the slightest blame or disgrace, is also a quality which in this rough world entails great suffering.

H— Park. Thursday, June 21.—Here I am, in the midst of gardens, flowers, beautiful scenery, delicious perfumes. The air balmy and luxurious; a calm stillness reigns. I am in a

pleased and tranquil state of enjoyment, very nearly resembling stupidity, owing, perhaps, to the over excitement in which I have lived for the last year. I cannot talk, or scarcely think; yet I feel it is enchanting.

Just returned from a drive to Cashiobury Park, and a ramble over its lovely gardens.—Much pleased with the house—old carvings, painted glass, &c. Fell in love with a darling little boudoir, opening on the cloistered conservatory. I should almost like to live and die there, with no companions but books and flowers.

Friday Evening.—Still higher enjoyment than yesterday. Truly delightful drive to Chenies.—Saw the old chapel and monuments of the Bedford family in the church.—Admired the picturesque dress and colouring of the figures on the ancient tombs; also the old manor house of the Bedford family, (now a farm,) with its twisted chimnies, ivy-covered gable ends, and ornamented windows.

We had a delightful drive yesterday to see Moor Park.—View from the drawing-room windows, and north side of the house, quite

beautiful. Cashiobury Park, and Watford church, are seen in the distance, through avenues and vistas of splendid oaks, elms, and beeches. It is a very artificial place; immense sums have been expended in the formation of hills, mounds, valleys and terraces. The old plaisance, a sort of evergreen garden, or miniature forest, on a height about half a mile from the house, is a strange, and I thought melancholy place. I never enjoy scenery much that I know is artificial; and the idea of the formation of a hill having cost the large sum which it is said to have done, so far from increasing my admiration, destroys, in a great measure, my pleasure in beholding it.

When I stood on the summit of this mound, and gazed upon the extensive but not particularly beautiful view, I thought of the many places in Ireland which teem with natural advantages—where real picturesque and gigantic mountains form a background to views which abound in variety and beauty. Oh! if one half, if the tenth, part of this sum were expended on one of them, what a paradise it would be!

Moor Park is a fine house, and put me in mind of K——. There is a resemblance, too, in the comfortable distribution of the rooms, all communicating one with the other, yet all approachable by a separate entrance. The chimney-piece in the long western drawing-room is beautiful;—two graceful Caryatides of particularly fine Carrara marble, at each side, support the mantel-piece; in the centre is an alto relievo of white marble on a ground of lapis lazuli, representing the nine Muses. In this room are two beautiful stools, embroidered by queen Adelaide. In the dining-room is a pretty little picture, I think by Raphael, and a fine head by some Venetian master. The family only left it a few days ago; and all the apartments have as tidy and deserted an appearance as if no one had lived there since queen Elizabeth's time.

I had some interesting conversation, during our twilight drive home, with a friend, on a former state of existence. Her notion is that we are gradually to attain perfection by a successive state of existence in various planets.

Mary L—'s idea is, that a portion of the spirit of our ancestors survives in their descendants. She said, "I certainly feel that since my dear mother's death, part of her spirit lives in me, united with mine. I even sometimes indulge a dream, that in me is to be perfected those portions of her character which were never developed in herself. I cannot help thinking that the sins of parents are visited on their children in this world, and I cannot imagine why any one should be startled at this idea. Have we not the evidence of Scripture, both in the case of Eve, in that of the blind man, related by St. John, and in the express words of God himself in the second commandment, 'I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.' Now there would be no punishment to the sinner unless a portion of their spirit survived in their descendants. Oh! how doubly careful should this make us not to increase by our misconduct the load of our family sins."

Sunday Evening.—At church to-day we heard a very good sermon, the text of which

was taken from the beautiful chapter on Charity in St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. It should, however, be called a chapter on love, and I cannot imagine why ἀγάπη, is translated charity in our English Testament. The Germans translate it, *liebe*; and surely love is by far the more expressive word, and accords with the whole sense of the chapter much better. How infinitely deep is the wisdom—how beautiful is every sentiment contained in the thirteen short verses of that chapter. How delightful to think that love, which is at once the easiest and the most blissful of all feelings, should be not only the most necessary for our salvation, but will endure when all others fail. Love—ἀγάπη suffereth long and is kind, because when we love deeply we can be nothing else. We cannot be unkind to those we love. Neither can we be puffed up if we love others better than ourselves. There is no injunction, no commandment, in the entire chapter; it only tells us what love does. "Though we give our body to be burned and our goods to the poor," it may be from a feeling of duty, of compunction,

and even of charity, yet if it be not from a feeling of "love" (αγάπη) to God, it profits nothing. Therefore the translation should be *love*. "It does not seek her own." Who amongst us that loves deeply thinks of their own?—and do we not "bear all things" from, or for those we love? It (the love of God) hopes all things, for "perfect love casteth out fear." When knowledge fails, when the body decays, and the mind is incapable of thought, love will still remain; and therefore it is greater than either hope or faith; it is more important to our peace, and will be the greatest consolation in our last moments.

If we truly love God and adore our blessed Redeemer, how blissful will be the thought that we are going to Him! When every thing we have loved in this world fades from our dull and languishing sight—when all is gloom, pain, and sorrow, then shall the spark of divine love in our hearts burn up into a bright flame. But whither am I wandering?—and have I any right to say such will be my death? Do I, or any of those under whose eyes these pages may happen

to fall, possess that inestimable gift of love—or, as it is written in English, Charity—the very bond of peace and all virtue? In other words, do we “rejoice in the Lord?”—do we even think of him? We cannot love those whom our thoughts seek not. Our “souls cannot be satisfied, our mouth cannot praise God with joyful lips.” We cannot ourselves even lie down to rest at night and say with David—“I will lay me down in peace, for it is thou, Lord, only who makest me to dwell in safety;” much less can we lay ourselves down to die in peace, unless we seek God early—unless we can again say with David—“Have I not remembered thee in my bed, and thought upon thee when I was waking?” Unless we feel that our soul hangs upon God, we cannot be sure that his “right hand will uphold us.”

We have been singing to-day some beautiful little hymns we brought from Germany. Here is a verse of one which I think particularly encouraging.

“ Wenn Menschen nicht verstehen
Was mein Gemuth bedrängt ;
Du Herr ! begreifst mein Flehen
Der Sonn und Sterne lenkt.

What a deep spirit of devotion breathes throughout these hymns. I am struck with the feeling of every-day religion, if I may so call it, which pervades them. It is as if the minds which composed them, and the minds which are to sing them, were always sensible of the presence of God, and looked towards him for guidance and protection in every circumstance of life. It appears to me that we English fail in this ; and I cannot help thinking it is greatly owing to that spirit of party which unhappily pervades all we do, and which is particularly apparent in religion.

Many religious persons have adopted certain signs or watchwords by which they may be known at once, and unluckily these generally imply a condemnation of those who differ from them in opinion. This is looked upon as a pretension to superior sanctity by those who are excluded ; they are mortified at not being thought

worthy of the society of the good, at being called irreligious because they do not exactly conform to usages which their more godly friends consider indispensable. They then take an aversion to all these signs and watchwords, and dislike every thing which savours of what they call "that canting hypocritical set." Now if both parties would but give way a little, they would soon find that they agreed on the fundamental and important parts of religion. What a pity that people are not guided by a spirit of charity instead of party! But this, I suppose, can never be. As long as we are English we shall be exclusive. We shall never cease to shut ourselves up in one party or another, and look down with contempt on those who do not agree with us.

CHAPTER X.

Kenilworth—Churches at Warwick—Environs of Leamington.

HAVING been several times at Kenilworth before, I had to-day all the luxurious and tranquil enjoyment of wandering over the ruins without that impatient feeling of curiosity to ascertain the different localities, which renders the first visit to an interesting ruin rather toilsome—at least to people who have much antiquarian enthusiasm.

I have learnt now exactly where Queen Elizabeth's room is. I have watched the sun set through her western window, and stood at the old fire-place in the twilight hour, till I fancied the fire burnt, and shone on the stately figure of

the queen and her attendants. In the great banquetting-hall which adjoins her room I have imagined sounds of mirth and minstrel's song.

The ruined walls of the presence-chamber and the scarcely to be defined outline of the white hall, have, by this same busy faculty, not only been rebuilt, but handsomely wainscoted, and furnished with those beautifully inlaid ebony and ivory chairs which are now in the possession of Mr. Lucy, at Charlecote.* There is a fine old chimney-piece with Leicester's supporters, the bear and ragged staff, and his name quaintly written, with the letters formed of ragged staffs, now in the porter's lodge, which you pay sixpence to see. I of course replace it for nothing in an apartment on the second floor in Leicester's buildings, to which there is no staircase, because I see from undeniable marks on the wall that it is the very room from which it has been taken down.

This part of the castle was built by Leicester

* These chairs did actually come from Kenilworth Castle, and are said to have been given by Queen Elizabeth to Leicester.

on purpose for the Queen's visit ; yet the rooms must have been rather small, and, as far as one can judge by the outer walls, very inconveniently distributed.

The floors and roof are gone, but the four stories of windows and fire-places are still perfect as ever. There is a curious little irregular jut-out on the south-west side of these buildings, which, with its four tiers of high windows, has a very picturesque effect at a distance, but one can scarcely imagine for what it could have been intended.

The oldest part of the castle is called, as in many other ancient places, Cæsar's tower. It stands on a height in the centre of the ruins, and was built by Clinton, the original founder of the castle, I believe in the reign of Henry II. The walls are immensely thick, and part of it towers above the rest of the ruins, and forms at a distance the most conspicuous object. Near this is the Lancaster tower, built by John of Gaunt.

To-day I lionized some friends all over the

place, and shewed them Merwyn's bower, Amy Robsart's room,—that is to say, the one I fancy she occupied, though the provoking old man who shews the ruins to strangers, had the cruelty to affirm “he never heard tell as how it belonged to that ere lady.” However, we scrambled to it up a steep mound of fallen ruins which completely block up the first story, and resolutely crept under the arch on the second, which is nearly filled with rubbish. I am sure when I visited the castle seven years ago, that some person told me it was Amy Robsart's room, so I will not be cheated out of my veneration for it. Besides, its situation exactly corresponds with Merwyn's Bower, so beautifully described by Scott.

That Queen Elizabeth visited in public state the Earl of Leicester at his castle of Kenilworth, is a well known fact ; and that Amy Robsart, a beautiful and much injured lady, secretly visited her husband, the said Earl, is equally well known, though probably not a fact. Indeed, the great northern Minstrel has created in our minds so much interest for the unfortunate Amy,

that without her, few people would trouble their heads to think whether or no the imperious Queen honoured this castle with her presence. Would it, then, not be very hard, if this beautiful and interesting victim to Leicester's ambition, had not a room consecrated to her memory?

The gloomy chamber, in which the single night she passed under her husband's roof was spent, is at the opposite side of the great banquetting-hall from that occupied by queen Elizabeth. It is a low, arched room, about twelve feet square, with a small window, looking to the west. One door-way opens upon a little turret room, which, with its narrow loop-hole, and low roof, looks painfully like a prison. The other door opens into a narrow passage, which conducts to a winding staircase, and down this we groped.

At the bottom of the first flight is a small door-way, which leads into the great hall. Through this poor Amy may have looked on the brilliant scene of festivity. She may have—but I leave the contemplation of what she may

have seen or thought to the imagination of all the admirers of Scott's beautiful novel. The lower flight of stairs is still also perfect, and leads to a door which opens on the plaisance. There is certainly an air of secrecy in the small doors, low rooms, and narrow stairs of this part of the castle, which would distinguish it as the place for deeds of mystery and darkness.

There was something very melancholy in the thoughts which this part of the castle suggested; and to dispel the gloom we returned to the spot where our ramble began, queen Elizabeth's dressing-room, and looked again through its beautiful windows.

"How many contending thoughts and feelings may have agitated the royal lady in this room," said Mrs. D——; "for I suppose even queen Bess could feel and be sometimes perplexed. In a moment of melancholy or indecision her arm may have rested on this very window-sill. But no; she was too independent, too decided, to lean on anything. A queen's character is more likely to be consistent and always the same than that of lower mortals. She can have no mo-

ments of relaxation, no time to unbend, and therefore but little power to change. Sovereigns have always a part to play, and that part soon becomes and remains their characters. Unless they reign in extremely turbulent times, the lives of kings and queens are more uniform, and they are less liable than other people to meet with those chances, and that variety of intimate society and circumstances, which principally operate changes in character."

"Then you think," said I, "that as our dear interesting young queen has set out, so she will continue?"

"Yes. Do we often read of the characters of monarchs changing as much as we see that others do, and feel we do ourselves?"

I was not prepared to answer this, as I have not studied history sufficiently to know.

After these wise reflections and sage remarks, we accompanied our friends in a delightful walk through a part of the ruins which serve now as a garden and farm-yard to the porter's house, and went to the water-gate, and tilt-yard. From this place there is a very good view of the castle ;

but Mr. D— said it would appear to much greater advantage if we crossed the little stream, which is all that remains of the great lake, and walked on the opposite side for about half a mile to the west. This we did, and were well rewarded. There is no other place from which the entire ruin can be seen at one view ; and but an imperfect idea can be formed of the extent or beauty of the castle unless it is seen from thence. The mellow colouring of the walls contrasts beautifully with the dark and vividly green ivy, with which they are here and there tapestried.

Mr. D. was an excellent guide. The way he took us to Kenilworth this morning is also much better than the usual road. Instead of going straight to the ruins, he made us drive towards the village of Kenilworth to the right. From this high ground there is a lovely view, overlooking the contrary side of the castle from the one above described, and also of the church and gateway of the old convent.

We left the carriage at the church, and went to look at a beautiful Norman arch at the south

entrance; then explored the ruined convent walls, and walked across the fields to the castle.

Yesterday we had a very pleasant expedition to Warwick. We could not get into the castle, the family being at home; but consoled ourselves by visiting, what is quite as well worth seeing—St. Mary's church, with its beautiful chancel, and gorgeous Beauchamp chapel.

There is a very fine monument in the centre of the chancel of St. Mary's church, to Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and his wife Catharine, daughter of Roger Mortimer, first Earl of March. He died in 1370. The tomb is surmounted by the recumbent figures of the Earl and Countess, as large as life, attired in the picturesque dresses of the age. Their attitude is most affectionate, but does not look very comfortable, the lady's arm being stretched out, and her hand clasped within that of her lord. Round the sides of the tomb are two rows of small figures, carved in stone, and standing in niches; they are supposed to be the friends of the deceased. Many have lost their heads and

arms, but the hands of several of them still remain devoutly clasped upon their breasts. I was perfectly enchanted with the Beauchamp chapel, its highly decorated gothic architecture, its beautifully painted glass windows, and its interesting monuments. That of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, first attracted our notice by its superior splendour. He was governor of France under Henry VI., and died in 1430. The altar-tomb is of grey marble, also surrounded by niches, containing figures of the earl's friends; but these are of brass gilt, in perfect preservation, and are most interesting from the curious costumes they represent. Some of the women's head-dresses are immensely high and unwieldy; others appear to be nuns. Some of the men, among whom are priests, have a curious thing, which looks exactly like an old watchman's lanthorn, in their hands. We all puzzled our heads to imagine what this could be. At the foot of each niche is a coat of arms, whose still brilliant colours add greatly to the beauty of the monument.

Mr. D—— is a great proficient in heraldry, and could trace by these shields the families to

which the strange-looking figures belong. But I must not forget the figure in brass gilt of the fine old earl himself, who reclines in solitary grandeur at the top, in excellent preservation.

From these Beauchamps the title passed to the Nevilles; the "king-maker," or his father, marrying the heiress of the last of the Beauchamps. On their failure it passed to the Dudleys. Leicester's brother, Ambrose Dudley, has a fine monument here. Leicester himself, and his wife Letitia, daughter of Sir Francis Knoles, have a highly ornamented one, which occupied a great part of the wall opposite the window. It seems that his wife was Essex's mother, to whom there is a very quaint epitaph.

The remaining monument is that of a child, the son of Leicester, "The noble Impe, Robert of Dudley." Scandal gave him queen Elizabeth for his mother, and to that circumstance he owed his death.* Near the altar,

* On the failure of the Dudleys, Rich was created Earl of Warwick by Charles II. Sir Fulk Greville was created Lord Brooke by James I., and afterwards was made an Earl; but on the failure of the Rich line, the Earls of

and to the right of Leicester's tomb, is a small door and flight of steps which lead up to a sort of little chapel or confessional. Through its beautifully carved but unglazed window, we looked down on the Beauchamp chapel, and through a small aperture on the opposite side we peeped into the chancel of St. Mary's church.

The dim mysterious light of this old confessional inspired a thousand solemn yet pleasing thoughts. After the rest of the party had satisfied their curiosity, I sat down in one of the antique chairs, quite in the humour to confess, and repent of my sins. I happened, almost unconsciously, to lift the visor of one of the helmets. The clanging sound rang in so strange and unearthly a manner in that solitary place, that I started. That very same clang has probably sounded in the ears of some of those warriors who lie in the splendid tombs. There was something awful, yet to me interesting, in the tone which seemed thus to link the living and the dead—to

Broke were made Earls of Warwick. The bear and ragged staff seems to have been assumed by them all.

annihilate time—and remain the same, unchanged, after the lapse of so many ages.

We often, indeed, see the same things on which our remote ancestors have gazed, but it seldom happens that the very sound which they have heard when preparing for battle, and triumphantly returning from the combat, should reach our ears. To some the opening of that visor may have been the last sound they ever heard. Others may have died while it was yet closed, and then some dear friend—perhaps a wife's trembling hands—may have lifted the steel, to gaze in hopeless agony on the loved countenance. How must then its clang have smote like a knell on her breaking heart!

We went into the churchyard, and scrambled over many humble tombs and long grass, to see the exterior of the Beauchamp chapel, which is also very beautiful.

Afterwards we visited Leicester's hospital, an interesting establishment for twelve old men. The master has £400 a year, and each of the brethren £80, besides other advantages. The old quadrangle, which is a very picturesque

building, has lately been judiciously restored. Leicester's arms and the bear and ragged staff are emblazoned round, and look extremely well on the dark wood of the projecting upper story.

The church belonging to this establishment is perched most oddly on the top of one of the old town gates. There is a very good garden behind the hospital, commanding an interesting view over part of the town and distant country.

In our drive home the agreeable Mr. D— told us an anecdote of a Lord Broke, who was killed at the siege of Lichfield Close. He said one day —“ If I am wrong, may I with this eye see the fall of Lichfield cathedral.” He was soon afterwards shot in the eye, as is recorded on a slab in Lichfield Close. Mr. D— also told us that the late Lord Warwick was a great speculator, and sometimes in great distress. One execution at his castle was stayed by the housekeeper, who afterwards left her money to one of the family. It was, I believe, that same old housekeeper, who told a friend of mine, when he was viewing the castle, that some of the fine pictures were

by "Paul *very uneasy*," meaning, probably, Paul Veronese; and she was much affronted when my old friend enquired what Paul was very uneasy about.

We made a delightful pilgrimage yesterday, to Shakespeare's tomb and birth place, at Stratford-on-Avon. Drove through a fine rich country, without any strikingly beautiful features; but the autumnal foliage this year is lovely, and the purple-red colour of the earth in this neighbourhood, is very picturesque.

We saw Shakespeare's humble dwelling: an American was there, copying the contents of its album. The room up-stairs, in which the poet is said to have been born, contains scarcely any furniture, and its originally white-washed walls are covered with the names of visitors who have sought to immortalize themselves. We remarked, indeed, some whose works and deeds will live as long as those of the bard himself.

The house was in the Shakespeare family till 1806, when the possessor, being in distress, disposed of it. It is said that Shakespeare con-

tinued to live in it from his birth till he was nineteen, at which age he married and went to London; that 'his father was a wool-stapler, and his family, for many generations, butchers.

Stratford church is a very fine and interesting building. As we had (fortunately I think) no guide to show us over the church, we went exploring for Shakespeare's monument. We first came to some curious old tombs, of a family called Clopton, whose last heiress married Carew, Earl of Totness: the magnificence of these tombs denotes the former wealth of the family. Their ancient residence, Clopton-house, still exists near Stratford, and is occupied by a farmer, but the family is extinct.

We found at last Shakespeare's poor monument, in the Lady-chapel; it is very unworthy of him. The well-known lines, the epitaph written by himself, are engraved on a slab on the floor.

The church is beautifully situated by the river, the tower very ancient, and the architecture of the upper windows of the nave very curious.

We returned home from Stratford by Charle-
cote, and had a good view of Mr. Lucy's old
Elizabethan house and park. It is interesting,
as being the place from which Shakespeare is re-
ported to have stolen a deer, and from its being
still in possession of the same family. If the
story be true, how Shakespeare's mouth would
water, and fingers itch, could he see the fine
park, as it is now, numerously stocked with deer.

October 7. Very pleasant drive yesterday with
—, to Offchurch and Stoneleigh Abbey.
Sketched some fine ash-trees with Mr. M—. He
popped in, under one of them, an excellent
likeness of our snub-nosed postilion.

Stoneleigh is a very fine place ; but some un-
lucky architect added a large Italian front to a
gothic house, of multitudinous gables and con-
siderable extent. Now in its turn the old gothic
part is undergoing extensive repair ; and could
its Italian addition be got rid of, would form a
handsome and characteristic residence. The
drive up to the house passes under a beautiful
gateway, which is a part of the old convent.

The garden is well-placed, and slopes down to a fine piece of water. The offices are modern, of gothic architecture, and to them is attached that luxurious appendage of a great house, a riding-school.

We drove home through the deer park, where there are some of the finest oaks imaginable. Never was the foliage so beautiful, so richly and darkly green, as this autumn. The rainy season has imparted to it a glistening sort of purple green, something resembling those dark yet vivid arbutus trees, which adorn the showery lakes of Killarney.

We were much amused during the whole drive, with the strange sort of duck-like motion of our little vehicle. It was one of those open "flies" with four small wheels and two bodies, here dignified by the name of phaetons; but the two bodies, like most other couples who are linked together for life, did not quite agree, one moving rather independently of the other, and the two front wheels agreeing with neither, but moving in the strangest way—first one in advance and then the other, as if competing which should be foremost!

I was quite wild with delight at Charlecote to-day ; it is one of the most interesting old English houses I ever saw. The entrance into the court is under a curious gate-house or skreen, something like the centre part of the house in miniature, and, like it, adorned at the ends with towers, surmounted by picturesque Elizabethan pinnacles. There is a large room over it, which I hear is full of old books and mouldering manuscripts ; how I should like to explore them ! The present possessor, Mr. L——, has added some magnificent rooms on the other side of the house, looking on the river, and also a fine hall to the front. They are built in the same style as the old part, of dark red brick, with stone window-frames and ornaments. In the great hall is a beautiful pietra dura table, from Fonthill, which cost 1,800*l.* : but what I admired still more than that, are some graceful candelabra of Benvenuto Cellini in the drawing-room, which, I understood, were got at Milan, for *one* sovereign.

In the library are some beautifully inlaid ebony and ivory chairs from Kenilworth, which

were given by Queen Elizabeth to Leicester. The windows in most of the rooms are ornamented with painted glass, representing the arms and achievements of the Lucy family, from the time of Edmund Ironside down to the present day.

The ceilings are very finely carved, and the walls of the new rooms are covered with magnificent embossed paper, which imitates perfectly the stamped and gilt leather of olden time. There are many interesting family pictures in the hall, and some good Italian ones in the old drawing-room. I remember particularly some landscapes by Titian, and the Liberation of Cassandra, by Guercino.

We afterwards went across part of the park, to see the church. It appears as if it had been built for the sole purpose of containing the monuments of the Lucy family, very little space being left for pews or congregation. However, we cannot complain of there being too many of these memorials of ancient grandeur, for the greater part are very interesting. One of the finest is in white marble, by Bernini,

erected by the widow of Sir Thomas Lucy to his memory, about 1642; her own figure is in it. She must have been very handsome, and the flowing head-dress and robes are beautifully sculptured.

How much wiser our ancestors were to dress their monumental figures in the costume of the day, instead of those attempts we now make at Grecian costume on our tombs. We often now see some goodly elderly dame, who departed this life in a decent dress, made by some celebrated sculptor to appear on her monument in thin and scanty drapery, with bare neck and arms; while many a well-known character, who in life was never seen but in his daily John Bull's attire, stands shivering in marble immortality over his grave, in a scanty drapery, very much resembling a night-shirt!

In this church there is a respectable dame of the fourteenth century, kneeling in the middle of her numerous offspring. The attitudes are certainly stiff, and the sculpture coarse; but how interesting to behold an exact representation of the costume of the day. I am sure the descend-

ants and friends of that ancient dame would not have looked on her with so much interest and respect, had she been clad like an angel or goddess, as they did upon her venerable black hood, pointed waist, and curious plaited cap. The latter, I must confess, looks very like the inside of a mushroom, and sits as close to her face as the said mushroom does to its stalk. There were some interesting epitaphs in black letter, which Mr. L—— read to us: I wish I had copied them. One ended with these words:

“ As she had lived courteously,
She died joyously!”

CHAPTER XI.

The widow of a celebrated Man—Visit to the home of departed friends.

Saturday.—JUST returned from an interesting drive to St. Anne's Hill,* enchanted with its owner, Mrs. Fox, widow of the great statesman. It is astonishing how averse we are to call any celebrated character by the term Mr., or even any other title which may belong to the generality of common-place people. I have quite

* Near the trees on the top of St. Anne's Hill, there was once a small chapel dedicated to St. Anne, and built in the year 1334. It was formerly called Elderbury or Oldbury Hill; and traces of an encampment may still be seen there. The house where Mrs. Fox now lives, was surrendered in 1769 by Lady Trevor to the use of Lord Charles Spencer. In 1778 it was surrendered to the use of the Duke of Marlborough, who afterwards sold it to Mrs. Armistead, now Mrs. Fox.

this feeling towards the dear old lady we this day visited.

She received us most kindly. There is an ease about her, and a spirituality in her discourse, which even such an unsocial person as myself enjoyed. She is upwards of ninety, has a fine countenance, rather on a large scale, singularly animated eyes, in which the malicious fun of early youth still sparkles ; but this roguish expression is tempered by a broad and benevolent-looking forehead, full of good organs, and a kindly smiling mouth.

Her teeth (evidently her own) are in good preservation ; and she laughingly said, she had just begun to wear her own hair. It is of a reddish auburn, mingled, but not profusely, with grey. She entered most warmly into the subject of elections, and told several funny anecdotes of Tory bribery.

Over the large antique chair in which the old lady sat, there hangs a beautiful picture by Sir J. Reynolds ; it is of a young and cunning-looking girl, holding in her hand a trap with a mouse in it. She appears to enjoy the disap-

pointed anxiety of a cat, who is endeavouring to get at the little prisoner.

“That picture,” said Mrs. Fox, “was painted for the French ambassador; and when he was obliged to go away on account of that horrible revolution, Mr. Fox bought it. It has been in the possession of no one else.” The cunning and intellectual expression of the girl’s face, she used to think, strongly resembled a pretty daughter of Lord S——; she was a very quick, clever child, and his natural daughter. A gentleman asked her one day by what name they called her; and on her replying that it was “Drake,” he said, “Oh, I shall remember that, for it is so like duck!” The girl tossed her pretty head, and asked, “And pray, what name do they call you?”—“My name,” said he, “is Porter.”—“Oh then I shall remember that, because it’s so like beer!”

This and many other amusing anecdotes she told us of the pictures and the different interesting things in her house, are nothing when written down, but with her animated counte-

nance and lively manner, they were charming. In the same room is a fine Murillo, and a beautiful little landscape by Wynants. In the dining-room is a large picture in mosaic of the Temple of Tivoli.

These two rooms command one of the loveliest south of England views I ever beheld. The low windows open on a luxuriously blooming parterre, interspersed with sloping lawns and magnificent forest trees. In the middle distance are seen old English places, with their beautiful parks, villages, and church-steeples—and far away, blue wavey hills and wooded plains are lost in the glowing horizon.

It was one of those gleamy picturesque days, which add much to the beauty of all scenery; a day on which dark masses of cloud cast a steady shade over portions of the landscape, while the bright parts are now and then dimmed by light shadows from the fleeting vapours above.

There are few spots where nature has done so much to form a beautiful site for a garden

as at St. Anne's Hill ; and fewer still have been laid out by a mind so full of taste as that of Fox.

The sunny dells and shady groves, the cool mid-day seat and evening bower, seem all calculated to afford repose and enjoyment to a spirit wearied with political cares. Antique statues are placed exactly where their graceful forms adorn the surrounding scenery, without (as is often the case in foreign gardens) disturbing the eye by a want of harmony with the scene, or indicating a love of display in the possessor.

Every successive grotto, seat or temple, commands a view quite different from the preceding ; yet the whole garden covers but a small space. Lady K—— and I sat down on a pretty rustic seat, which looked on verdant meadows. "This," said she, "was his favorite retreat ; and here I have often sat with him. He said one day, 'I must confess this is in good taste.'" Near it is a beautiful marble urn, erected by his widow ; on the pedestal of which I read some characteristic lines by Dryden.

Underneath are the following by Mr. Adair :

“ Cheerful in this sequestered bower,
From all the storms of life removed,
Here Fox enjoyed his evening hour
In converse with the friends he loved :
And here these lines he oft would quote,
Pleased, from his favorite poet's lay,
When challenged by the warbler's note,
That breathed a song from every spray.”

I must not forget Fox's own sitting-room, which, with his bed-room, are over the two I before described. In these the plain furniture, the old chairs with their white dimity covers, even a stool with its brass-headed nails, and tables with thin antiquated legs, looked interesting. These rooms are hung round with engraved portraits of his intimate friends, many of whom at night occupied a sofa instead of a bed (when the house was full) to share the delight of his conversation.

In the bed-room is a note, framed—I wish I had copied it—from the Empress Catherine. It begins, “ Demandez du Comte Woronzoff un

buste ressemblant de Charles Fox. Je veux le placer entre ceux de Demosthene et de Ciceron." It then goes on to say that "he was a great man, the benefactor of England and Russia, by making peace between them." However, Catherine soon changed her mind, and Fox's bust was removed to the cellar !

Mrs. Fox was always remarkable for being agreeable and easy. The Prince Regent used often to come and surprise them at dinner. Once he came when they were quite unprepared. Mrs. Fox said, "Why, sir, we have only for dinner a little bacon and beans." And so it literally was. The Prince, however, sat down and dined most heartily.

On his fiftieth birthday Fox wrote to his wife the following lines :—

" Of years I have now half a century past,
And none of the fifty so blest as the last ;
How it happens my troubles thus daily should cease,
And my happiness thus with my years should increase,
This inversion of nature's more general laws
You alone can explain, who alone are the cause."

What I admired most in the place was an air

of originality. It is so unlike the pretty places of the present day, where, if we pass through one walk we can always tell, before we turn the corner, where the next root-basket* and dahliabed will be, as easily as we can divine, when reading a page of some modern books, what is coming in the next. There was too a peculiar perfume at St. Anne's Hill, which put me in mind of no other garden but that of old Lady S. O. B. at S—. I know not what particular flower, or combination of delightful odours it was, but something brought most forcibly to my mind the beautiful old sloping terraces, gothic windows, and quaintly ornamented gable ends of S—house. Can this be owing to the near relationship of both owners?

Sunday.—We went this morning to Weybridge Church. How I love a village church, with all

* By the bye, I believe that the beautiful gardens at Dropmore first brought those really picturesque root-baskets into fashion; yet on my visit there the other day, I found they had been nearly all replaced by stone vases, sculptured with fruit and flowers!

its antique tombs, irregular architecture, mouldering escutcheons, and peasant congregation ! There is in this, a beautiful monument to the late Duchess of York, by Chantry ; and on the other side of the church an interesting record of the untimely fate of Mr. Collier. This young man was grandson and heir to the Earl of Portmore, and in right of his mother would have succeeded to the vast estates of the ancient Dukedom of Ancaster. He died before he became of age, from the effects of blows received from banditti, who plundered him on the road between Naples and Rome.

Over this monument are a number of old banners ; and around are placed the coronets of the Dukes of Ancaster and of the Earls of Portmore. Both these ancient titles are now extinct ! In another part of the church are some curious old brass carvings of skeletons, which look extremely like the fossile fishes found near Monte Bolca.

July 5.—B— Court. I caught a bad cold in the chilling open carriage drive here yesterday. I felt very ill the whole way, and full of apprehension at the prospect of returning to this interesting place, where those I loved best past their young days. I thought the sight of their early home, now that they are no more, would be very painful; but I am surprised and delighted to find that the soothing melancholy I feel is strongly tinged with pleasure.

Every old piece of furniture, every bare wall, cornice, and picture in this house, has an intense and sacred interest for me. Their eyes, the young beaming happy eyes of those I loved, have rested on all these objects. This very room in which I am now writing, has, in days of yore, resounded with the joyous tone of their dear voices.

In the passage, opposite my door, there is an old oak chest. I fancy their little hands may often have lifted the quaintly carved lid. Perhaps their best bonnets and Sunday frocks were kept there! I still remember numberless anecdotes they have told me of the happy days of

their youth, though I was quite a child when I heard them. I think there is nothing so delightful as to be thus in a place which is hallowed by the early recollections of those we love. It is seldom that the remembrance of my own solitary childhood is not tinged with sadness, but I contemplate theirs as joyful. Indeed, I know it was so, for they had good and sunny dispositions, and they loved each other, and all that was lovely and right, with a warmth of affection which left no room for any bad or unhappy feeling in their hearts.

Yes, I much enjoy this dreaded visit to B—Court. I feel that the happy spirits of those dear ones still dwell in the haunts of their youth, giving to it an atmosphere of pleasure and innocence.

At this old place, too, was spent their holiday time, — those joyous intervals between the labour and drudgery of schools, for learning is more laborious to young children who are full of life, and light, and simplicity, than it is to those of a less joyous, but more vain and ambitious nature.

Here their Christmas gambols and Midsummer amusements were encouraged and even participated by the still youthful minds of their kind guardians. Here, too, they always met their dear brothers ; and under the portico of the entrance-hall they bid the first tearful farewell to two of them who were going out to sea as midshipmen. One never returned ! His portrait, painted by his aunt, in the midshipman's dress, of which he was so joyously proud, hangs in the library. The other lived to be the glory of his country, and his name will long be remembered among the heroes of the British navy.

With what pleasure, too, do I gaze on the old family pictures ! many of which were painted by the grandmother of the present Lord B—. Those I loved were present when most of them were painted. Their eyes have watched with childish wonder the movements of their dear aunt's hand, from the first rude outline to the finished life-like picture.

There is one of that aunt herself when young, by her own pencil. How beautiful she must

have been ! There is the impress of genius on every feature ; none of that air of tortured mental cultivation, that straining after the features and attitude of a Grecian model, which I think disfigures many beauties of the present day.

She looks natural and meek, full of that expression so rare to find, which seems totally unconscious of self, which lives and rejoices in others. And such was her character. That truly benevolent lady was the first person who advocated the cause of the emancipation of the slaves ; and it was here, amid a circle enlivened by the conversation of Johnson, Porteus, and Hannah More, that Wilberforce often passed his youthful holidays, and imbibed that ardour in behalf of the slaves which has immortalized his name, and has won a bright wreath of glory for his country. Though full of talents and acquirements, which, even in these cultivated days, would be highly admired, and were in that olden time wonderingly adored, that lovely creature never became elated with success. She never tired in the performance of her duties towards her Maker, or fellow-creatures, though,

as the beautiful wife of a man high in power, she was exposed to all the flatteries and dangers of a corrupt and fascinating world. Her innocent and actively virtuous life was long, and her ardent prayers for the prosperity and goodness of her numerous descendants have been heard.

CHAPTER XII.

Miseries of becoming rich—Dangerous effect of Day
Dreams—Inconsistencies—Scattered Thoughts.

Wednesday, August 7th.—YESTERDAY I drove with Mrs. F—. I had always been struck by the extreme dejection of her air, and my curiosity was much excited to ascertain the cause; and in the course of our driving *tête-à-tête*, the truth came out. The reason of her misery may seem strange, but she is not the first person I have met with who suffered from the same cause. It is riches—the accession of a fortune and a family place.

I think it may be useful both to myself and others, to relate some of the instances

I meet with of the reversion of the usual order of things, and to shew those who are toiling, and longing for a fine possession, as the greatest earthly good, that the attainment of wealth has spoilt the happiness and even soured the temper and existence of many.

Mrs. F— is clever, and has not a naturally gloomy mind. She married a half-pay officer, who proved an amiable and affectionate husband, and on their five hundred a-year they lived as happy as the days were long. Mr. F—'s elder brother died suddenly, and they found themselves in possession of ten thousand a-year, and a fine place in ——shire.

Mr. F— being of a social hospitable disposition, enjoyed having his house full of company, and going about the country to make visits in return. This interfered with all his wife's tastes, pursuits and habits ; for there is nothing which so effectually prevents the intrusion of visitors, or leaves one so much time to oneself as poverty, when it is not so great as to oblige us to work for our subsistence. In the midst of her newly

acquired splendour, she became miserable, her hitherto elastic spirits utterly failed, and she pined into a positive illness.

Tuesday 29th.—To expect, and long, and wish for a thing, till one's whole life seems tinged by one peculiar hue—to know that the fulfilment of our wishes hangs on one person, and then to find that person indifferent or even forgetful—how painful is the discovery! I am sure people seldom or ever mean to be unkind; most ill-natured actions proceed from mere thoughtlessness—almost chance.

A person is often as innocent of any bad feeling in the action which destroys the happiness of another, as is the blast of wind that blows a firebrand into a house, or the wave which sinks a boat full of human beings. The fulfilment of our wishes often, alas! hangs on some one frail mortal, and that mortal is sometimes unconscious of the immense influence his actions have on our happiness.

W— Priory, Friday.—

“ Now ! It is gone. Our brief hours travel past,
Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How ;
But know each parting hour gives up a ghost
To dwell within thee—an eternal Now.”

That ghost is to me more vivid and real than any present reality. I have no “ Now.”

I am more convinced that I live not in the present by finding so little effect produced on my mind by the sight of my old home, which we have just visited after an absence of many years. How often have I wept over it in imagination, and heard the very sounds, and saw not only every thing in the place, but even the very shadows and changes of hours and days.

“ How sad you must be,” said Mrs. D—, “ at seeing your old house again ;” but I felt how much sadder I had often been, when, in a London ball-room or foreign land, the picture of my childhood’s home had risen up before my too vivid imagination.

I am just now returned from a walk, which I have enjoyed extremely. The day was beautiful,

and the whole scene was lovely. The ancient groves of oaks and lime-trees were reflected in the clear streams which flow in all directions through the grounds of this place. The sunny glades, and blue smoke which wreathes upwards from the picturesque twisted chimneys of the old house, against a dark back-ground of gigantic ash trees—the village church, surrounded by a cluster of old cottages, with their gable ends covered with vines or jessamines—the smooth sloping lawns and gorgeous flowers—the soothing murmur of a waterfall, and cheering song of birds! Above all, the interesting historical remembrances connected with the place, “gave to my admiration,” as Scott says, “a sort of intense impression of reverence, which made my heart feel too big for its bosom.”

As I drove yesterday near the woods, where I had so often rambled in both childhood and youth, the day-dreams, those fatal underminers of the mind's strength, which then occupied all

my leisure hours, recurred most forcibly to my memory. Ah! what a miserable awaking to the realities of life do they prepare. How dull and insipid does everything real appear, after those bright visions of a lively imagination. Yes, even a fulfilment of the very hopes and wishes of the self-same scenes, in which fancy sported so brilliantly, seems dull. It is strange but true, that one of the dreams in which I often indulged, was fulfilled, long afterwards. But even those delightful moments of gratified hope were less rapturous than the early dreams formed in the woods I this day traversed.

This shows the folly and danger of day dreaming, independently of the improbability of the object of our dreams being realised. I may say, that the happiest moments of my real life (for, of course, those moments are the happiest in which our dearest wishes are fulfilled), have been clouded by the effect of previous day-dreaming. I do not mean to say, that we should extinguish our expectations of future happiness, even in this world; on the contrary, I admire a sanguine mind, and always try to

encourage the feeling in myself. What I maintain is, that this dreaming over imaginary scenes, this living in a beautiful ideal world of our own creation, spoils our enjoyment for the actual and present, and makes all realities seem dull.

Monday, Nov. 6th.—I am delighted with some of Pascal's thoughts; how deeply do I feel what he says on writing:

“ Quand un discours naturel peint une passion ou un effet, on trouve dans soi-même la vérité de ce qu'on entend, qui y étoit sans qu'on le sût, et on se sent porté à aimer celui qui nous le fait sentir : car il ne nous fait pas montre de son bien, mais du notre ; et ainsi ce bienfait nous le rend aimable : outre que cette communauté d'intelligence que nous avons avec lui, incline nécessairement le cœur à l'aimer.”

This is the way in which it is my ambition to be loved.

Inconsistency, or the acting contrary to a usual or supposed character, though very common, is the last thing which people discover either in others or themselves. We all try to be blind to our own inconsistencies; this, perhaps, makes us less aware of them in others. Besides, it requires a deep study of mankind, to discover how few good men there are who will not do a bad action when tempted, and how few bad men there are who will not sometimes do a good action. Good and bad are more nearly on a level than most of us suppose.

The stupid, or those who do not observe, suppose all men alike, because they cannot see the difference; and those who observe and study much, put them all on a level, because they see the elements of good and bad so equally distributed. Pascal says very justly, that ignorance or indolence often come to the same result as depth of thought. A mind cultivated both in religion and science, learns to enjoy contemplation—that is, doing nothing, being abandoned entirely to its own meditations.

An excess of thought, a great number of ideas,

often tell but little better than none. An exuberant fancy, united with a very good memory, is a great impediment to success; and this may account for the failure of those, who seem by their superior genius best calculated to become eminent in the literary or political world. Thus extremes meet; and those who are full of genius, talent and ideas, appear to a superficial observer exactly like those who have none. Mediocrity is the thing which most often succeeds in this world. I always thought so, and am glad to see Pascal agrees with me. He says, "L'extreme esprit est accusé de folie comme l'extreme défaut. Rien ne passe pour bon que la médiocrité." Mediocre minds find among the bulk of mankind more heads that can understand them, more hearts that will beat in unison with theirs. Of all who read Milton, Dante and Petrarch, is there above one in every hundred who really feels with, and entirely enters into the spirit of the author, and enjoys the poetry? The ninety-nine acknowledge it is beautiful, because the poet's fame is established, and they dare not betray their own want of

taste. But the taste for real, for perfect beauty, is a rare thing, even where form and feature alone are concerned.

How seldom it happens that beauties are generally admired. If a few good judges happen to fix their fiat of beauty on a face, and these said good judges happen to be influential persons, the lucky object becomes a beauty in general estimation, and her fame as such will be echoed from mouth to mouth by all the common herd who do not venture to judge for themselves. Having said she is beautiful, they have done their duty ; but they do not look at her with pleasure, and sometimes they actually prefer the countenance of other girls, who accord much better with their low standard of beauty. Beauties seldom marry so soon or so well as those who are less favoured by nature. " Oh, that is because they are more fastidious !" is the common observation. They may be more fastidious, but that is not the reason ; it is because they do not excite so much passion in the generality of hearts. The love which real beauty excites, must always be of a higher and more intellectual degree.

On reading the Editor's preface to Pascal's Thoughts, I am not surprised to find that I feel with him so much. The poor man wrote them during the last four suffering years of his life; he was too ill to write long at a time, and used to note down his thoughts in the first words that occurred to him, meaning afterwards to arrange them in order, and probably clothe them in more elegant language; but the unfinished and natural state in which they are, adds immeasurably to their force, and I think to their charm. How deeply have I felt the following observation,—“ J'ai cru trouver au moins bien des compagnons dans l'étude de l'homme, puisque c'est celle qui lui est propre. J'ai été trompé. Il y en a encore moins qui l'étudient que la géométrie.” This is most true, and perhaps particularly so in England.

There is something to me very delightful in the hour of declining day. I have been watching—

“ Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue.”

I feel the balmy and elevating influence of such sights more when I catch a glimpse of them in a changing, bustling, stirring town like this London, than when in the country. They seem more forcibly to remind one of eternity, and I cling to the delightful sensations they awaken with more tenacity from their forming such a contrast to the life one leads. I feel at those moments as if the wheel of life's grovelling vanities was suddenly stopped. I see through the cloud of error which it has raised, and I catch a glimpse of better things above. That beautiful crescent-moon looks like some pure monitor, assuring us of a future and a better state. The air of perfect repose which moonlight imparts to scenery is emblematic of eternal rest; and the feeling of peace which it gives, is surely an evidence, nay, even a foretaste of our capacity for more enduring joys than this world can afford; we feel better, and even though stubborn reason may not be convinced, yet, in spite of it, our every sensation whispers, "there is another and a better world."

The Greeks were right to make repose the

chief emblem of sublimity ; it expresses eternity, and there is no idea so sublime as that of eternity.

I have been trying over this evening some little airs I brought from Germany. What a taste for the sublime the Germans must have ! Their music is more mental, if I may use the expression, than that of any other nation. It expresses the feelings of a people imbued in a very high degree with the conviction of a divine origin, and the melancholy parts are as if they were lamenting their fall, and weeping over their corruption. The Italians, under their clear sky, almost forget that this world is not heaven, and therefore their music is less melancholy, and also less mental, because the world of an Italian is partly an animal world—in the voluptuousness of present enjoyment, they forget they were created for better things.

“ Il y a du mal en tout,” as Pascal says ; and as excess of food, however wholesome, injures the body, so there is no employment so innocent but its indulgence beyond a certain point becomes sinful. Old Sir W. M— used to say,

“Everything we like is either unwholesome, wicked or expensive.” This may be true, but it is hard to like nothing ; it is wiser to try and like everything, and then there will not be so much danger of our pushing our love for a few things to excess. It is also wise to endeavour to cultivate a taste for what we do not naturally like, for it must tend to enlarge our sphere of enjoyment, while it weakens the excess of our passions for those things we naturally like best. Yet such a course will only be advisable for a person whose natural disposition is one of extremes, and is therefore prone to like and dislike strongly. This leads to the conclusion that no general rules can be laid down ; each must judge according to his own case.

People who come into life without much decided character or predilection, need not cultivate a taste for everything, but rather adhere to those pursuits for which they have a natural inclination. There is no fear of their going mad, as it were, on some particular point, or of sitting for days and nights over a favourite study. The path along which they quietly walk through life, though

one of less ecstatic delight, will be far more easy, and less marked by poignant sorrow than the high, steep, and rugged path along which violent natures alternately fly, stumble, and flounder.

How much better we can describe pain than pleasure! This is evident by the fact, that all descriptions of the infernal regions are vivid, and interest us far more than pictures of paradise, and the state of the blest; shewing that the human mind is influenced more by the fear of punishment than the hope of reward. How horribly soul-stirring are some of the scenes in Dante's "Inferno," and Milton's "Paradise Lost;" but they both fall off sadly in the "Paradiso," and "Paradise Regained." The parts, too, in Klopstock's "Messiah," where he describes the infernal regions, and the actions of Satan, are far superior to the rest of his long poem. This shows, that if he had chosen a subject where torture occurred more frequently

than bliss, the name of Klopstock might have become as celebrated as the immortal Dante or Milton. Perhaps the fault, for fault it must be which excites our sympathy for what is criminal rather than for what is blest, is as much with those who read, as with those who write. How deeply does the heart sympathise with the words of Dante's inscription on the door of hell :

*"Per me si va nella citta dolente;
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore;
Per me si va tra la perduta gente."*

We have, all of us, I fear, more of the bad than of good in our compositions, for we can enter at once, with all our heart, into descriptions of lost spirits and horrible sufferings; but there are only some few moments in our lives when we can fully understand the description of perfect bliss.

It is hard, perhaps, in this life of movement and turmoil, not to connect the idea of insipidity with virtue, of monotony with peace, and of ennui with repose. When we can endure no

rest here, where to be happy we must always be doing or striving, or acting, our wayward minds can scarcely imagine a supreme degree of happiness with eternal rest.

This morning I read some of Kidder on the Messiah, where he shows that the heathens had some knowledge of the Trinity, and that they received many of their notions from the Jews. This tracing the principles of our faith in the religious opinions of all other nations, has always been, to my mind, the strongest evidence of its truth. However religious we may be, or however implicit may be our habitual belief in the truth of the gospel, I am convinced we shall always be better and happier at those moments when something has happened to convince us afresh of its undeniable truth. For the wavering of faith, which I suppose we all more or less feel, is caused by some shadow of doubt as to the truth of our religion, which at the moment crosses our minds. If we always steadily and implicitly believed, no passion, however strong, could ever lead us astray, Peter must have doubted our Lord's divinity, when he denied

him ; and David forgot, or temporarily disbelieved, when he fell into crimes. Yet many who do not even attempt to regulate their lives by God's law, would be shocked if told they were unbelievers. It is from its refreshing influence on my faith, that any good work on the evidences of Christianity does me a thousand times more good than all the sermons in the world.

Every age is characterized by some exaggerated taste, which we call affectation. The cause of this, I think, is a wish to appear what we are not—indeed we always wish to have it supposed that we excel in that quality which we are conscious of not possessing by nature. Hence, ugly people have often the most pretensions to be admired for their appearance, while many a beauty wishes to pass for a wit. In the present day affectation is decidedly out of fashion ; yet so great is our fear of being affected, that many people affect nature. We still possess, however, a decided affectation on another subject. This is not an age of good health ; most of us are dyspeptic, or bilious, or weak, yet we all wish

to be thought strong and healthy, and it is astonishing that with far worse health than our grandmothers, how few fainting young ladies there are now-a-days. Then; the affectation was that of a mincing refinement, and want of strength, and a young lady would sooner have lost her character than have been detected drinking porter for luncheon, or eating fried bacon for breakfast.

CHAPTER XIII.

Journey from Dublin to Kilkenny—The Convent and
Castle—Woodstock.

Dublin, January.—We made an interesting but very dirty pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Patrick, or rather of Swift, whose ashes repose opposite to those of the great Irish Saint in the cathedral there.

W—, who once knew Dublin well, has contrived to forget every thing about it, and we were obliged to ask our way at every turn. After all we went wrong, and got into some of the most filthy miserable alleys imaginable; yet strange to say, there were fewer wretched ob-

jects and beggars than in the better parts of the town, which I think shews that begging is here a regular trade.

I was also struck with the healthy and handsome appearance of the people. One girl, with long curling black hair, was really beautiful; and another, quite young and handsome, was (oh! such a scene!) struggling on the pavement in a horrible state of intoxication. A crowd collected, and she was carried away. I saw her long fair hair waving in the breeze, looking so delicate and refined, as she was borne round the corner of an alley. I heard her half frantic laugh of intoxication—what a contrast with her appearance! What might not that lovely girl have been? What will she be now?

At last we approached the blackened and rough-looking yet venerable walls of St. Patrick's, and a fat, red-faced, whiskey-smelling woman, with her mouth full of dinner, her forehead full of care, and her hand full of keys, escorted us over the church.

“Is it the steeple, ma'am, you're looking at?”

said our fair conductress ; “ sure, ma’am, ’tis the highest steeple in the world, only it’s broke, and more’s the pity.”

We first traversed the aisle near the end of which is Swift’s monument.

The view of the interior from this point is very imposing, and the colouring beautiful. Gorgeous banners of the deceased knights of St. Patrick project from the upper row of the windows of the nave, and beneath each is a gilt helmet. The sun shone on their vivid colours, contrasting strongly with the mellowed hue of the old stone arches.

As to Swift’s monument, I am afraid I was guilty of want of due respect to the worthy Dean’s memory. I thought more of the pleasure with which the eyes of Scott had rested upon this tomb, than of the celebrated man to whose memory it is raised. I think that our pleasure in viewing remarkable objects is always enhanced by the conviction that the admiring gaze of many celebrated people, and of dear friends, have dwelt upon them. It is as if some secret link, some bond of feeling, united invisibly

our spirits to theirs. The objects thus become more interesting, hallowed by associations with the memory of those we admire or love.

We afterwards passed beneath the organ into the choir, which also has an air of gloomy grandeur. The banners and helmets of the living Knights of St. Patrick are here suspended; and beneath, their arms are emblazoned on the walls. Some of the upper pews, among which is the Lord Lieutenant's, look exactly like opera boxes, and spoil the solemn grandeur of the scene. Near the altar are some very curious monuments; one occupies a great part of the side wall as far as the upper windows: it was erected by the great Earl of Cork for his Countess and their family in the time of Elizabeth, and consists of no less than four stories. All the figures are as large as life, and the colouring of their faces and dresses is still very brilliant. The Earl and Countess recline in gilt coronets and splendid robes, on an altar-tomb. Six daughters, with long flowing hair, crimson dresses, and ermine capes, kneel beneath six sons; but who will care to know what the rest of the family are about?

We afterwards went to the university : the *façade* to the street is, like all the other public buildings in Dublin, extremely handsome and well placed.

The inner courts look gloomy and like a barrack ; but the examination-hall is a very fine room, where George IV. dined when he visited Dublin. There is in it an old organ, which was taken from the Spanish Armada, and given to the college by Queen Elizabeth. A full length and well preserved portrait of her imperious majesty hangs near it. It is one of the most favorable likenesses I have seen, yet has quite the air of an original picture. At her side is a table covered with a brilliant coloured carpet, but the floor is bare and tiled ! Luckily for her, if there be any truth in painting, she wore sensible-looking thick leather shoes.

But what am I doing ? It would fill a volume to tell of half the interesting things we have seen in Dublin and its beautiful environs—to describe the highly interesting and valuable collections of Irish antiquities which belong to the Dean of St. Patrick's, Major Sirr, and Mr.

Petrie. Dublin has also some very good private collections of paintings, and we passed some agreeable hours in looking at that of Mr. West. Then the environs!—what chapters might be written on the lovely views which Killakee commands! Never in any part of the world have I seen a prospect from a window which can rival that from the drawing-room of Colonel White's beautiful residence. And Malahide castle, Lord Talbot's, of which Lady Morgan has given a most interesting account in the "Metropolitan Magazine." Howth Castle, too, and fifty other places, all so well deserving of notice that I shall say no more, except—Go and see them, judge for yourself—I can guarantee you against disappointment.

We left Dublin on Monday morning; and after a most prosperous journey, arrived at Kilkenny at five o'clock in the evening. We had, strange to say, no posting adventure; W—— having had the precaution to write on, we found, as the ostler said at Naas, "no delay in life."

I observed several indications of improvement since I last travelled this road. The cottages

now generally have chimnies, and a regular pig-sty on the *outside* of the house ; many, indeed, have windows, which, unstopped by a wisp of staw, or an old hat, are now cheerfully fulfilling their original destination, and give light to those within. Neat gardens, surrounding the house, are not of uncommon occurrence ; and the fields are in many instances enclosed with hedge-rows.

At Castle Dermott, between Ballytore and Carlow, are the beautiful ruins of an old abbey. The rich tracery of some of the windows is still perfect ; and the grey stone walls are adorned here and there with that deep green ivy, which grows so luxuriantly in Ireland. A shapeless mass of ruins, near the river, shews there was once a stately castle here.

There is nothing near to indicate any trace of that ancient grandeur and refinement, of which the ruined abbey is so touching a monument, and round it no other habitations but miserable cottages are now to be seen.

The morning after our arrival at Kilkenny was very stormy, and it rained heavily. However,

we were determined to see something of the town, so out we went, and proceeded first to the convent. This establishment is of the order called Presentation of the Holy Virgin, and the entrance to it is in a miserable street; but the parlour, into which we were shown, looks on a pretty and well-kept garden.

An old nun, of most homely and matter-of-fact appearance, acted as cicerone. The sisterhood appears to be poor, and to live only for prayer and the education of a number of poor children. There was an air of good sense and sincerity in the countenance of the nun who shewed us over the establishment which pleased me extremely. When describing the daily routine of their life, which to us, indeed, seemed to be a hard one, she said, with a joyful smile, and in a tone totally devoid of sanctified cant, "It is but right we should do something for the Redeemer, who has done so much for us."

But even *my* imagination could discover no romance about her, no signs of disappointed love, or indeed of very refined feelings. She looked strong in body and mind, and practically useful,

as if cheerfully devoted to the life she had chosen. The poor school-girls regarded her with an affectionate pleasure, devoid of any restraint, yet they appeared orderly and industrious.

After visiting the chapel, another nun joined us. She was pale and more refined looking, but appeared equally good, but with more gentle manners than her robust sister.

The school was a nice, well-ventilated room ; we found the children occupied with their morning prayer. It was repeated by an elder one at the head of the room, and a pretty novice was endeavouring to keep up the attention of the little ones at the farther end.

There are at present five novices ; they have two years probation. W— said he supposed they seldom made use of their privilege of refusal at the end of that time. “ Oh, sometimes they find their health is not strong enough to fulfil the duties of our order,” said the pale nun, in a kind and gentle voice, yet loud enough for the pretty novice to hear, while she cast on her a look of compassion.

It is astonishing how seldom we meet with

any awkward shyness in people who live totally retired from the world, and excluded from all refined society, if they are employed in some useful vocation. They have the natural tact of goodness, which seems to supply the place of acquired habits of worldly civility, and is to me highly interesting.

The pale nun showed us some work and knick-knacks which were sold for the poor; after we had fixed on a few, the stout nun seemed quite fidgetty at the perseverance of the other, who, in delight at her success, and unconscious that she might be boring us, continued to draw our attention to some embroidered caps, when her companion said, "Surely, sister, they have bought enough!"

We went afterwards to see the castle which Lord Ormonde is building. It is situated on a bold rock, overhanging the river and town, where the ancient castle, so famous in Irish history, lately stood. Indeed, many of the old walls still remain; and also a large round tower, surmounted by a very high slanting roof, containing three rows of attic windows, which reminded me of the old castles in Germany.

There was here, not long ago, one of those ancient baronial halls, with a raised platform under a dais at one end; a vestige of feudal grandeur rather uncommon, I believe, in Ireland; but unfortunately, like other parts of the castle, this room became too much out of repair to be inhabited, and was obliged to be pulled down.

A large collection of family and other pictures, with the old tapestry and books, are now removed to a building near, called Butler-house; but a splendid gallery is nearly finished in the castle for the pictures. The library, too, will be a charming room, overlooking the old terrace-garden, which, on that side of the castle, slopes down towards the town.

It was from this very garden that Lady Eleanor Butler, one of the celebrated "ladies of Llangollen," endeavoured to escape, in order to join her friend, Miss Ponsonby, and retire with her from the world. Lady Eleanor's first attempt to elude the vigilance of her family was unsuccessful. She endeavoured to climb the garden wall, but failed in the attempt, and fell to the bottom. There, stunned by the fall, Lady Eleanor lay insensible,

till she was discovered by the gardener, who carried her back to the castle.

Some time after this, she was on a visit at Woodstock, Mr. Tighe's beautiful place, near Inistioge, from which she not only succeeded in escaping, but was accompanied in her flight by Mr. Tighe's housekeeper. This woman afterwards remained with the romantic friends; and her quaint, old-fashioned attire, which she always continued to wear, made her as celebrated as the "ladies" themselves. She lived to a great age, and was deeply regretted by her mistresses, who erected a monument to her memory in the church at Llangollen.

To return to Kilkenny Castle. Lord O——'s room is the only one which is yet furnished: it is on the second floor, and commands one of the most beautiful views imaginable. Beneath, the river dashes impetuously round the base of the perpendicular rock on which that part of the castle stands, and then glides majestically under the two bridges, and winds away into the far distance. The old cathedral, with the ruins of an abbey in the upper town, the spires of

churches, and open belfreys of chapels in the lower, give a finish and interest to the picture.

As we stood at the balcony of one of the windows, which projects at a dizzy height over the river, a sound of martial music reached our ears, and soon we saw emerging from the lower town on the other side of the water a regiment of cavalry. They crossed the nearest bridge, which at that moment was illumined by a ray of brilliant sunshine, while the rest of the landscape remained in stormy darkness. Their gay uniforms and shining helmets added life and beauty to the scene, and transported our imaginations far back into feudal times—those good old days, when Parliaments were held at Kilkenny, and its castle was the chief hold of the most renowned and powerful of the noble families of Ireland.

We then went to Butler House to see the pictures; many are interesting, particularly those of the celebrated Duke of Ormonde, the unfortunate Strafford, and the children of Charles the First, by Vandyke. There is also a fine landscape by Wynant, some good Rubens, the Marriage of St. Catherine by Correggio, and

many other excellent pictures. This house is now occupied by the Ormonde family while the castle is in progress.

The rain prevented our visit to the cathedral, which, I hear, is well worth seeing, and contains some fine monuments. I regretted this the more, as there is near it one of those round towers peculiar to Ireland, which have so puzzled antiquarians.

CHAPTER XII.

Woodstock—Clewen Castle—The danger of being inhospitable—Clonmell.

Woodstock. Monday, January 23.—We have spent some very pleasant days with our friends the proprietors of this charming residence. It is very gratifying to see such a place in such hands—so capable, and so well inclined to contribute to the happiness of those around them; the result is, that a spirit of charity and tolerance, so rare in Ireland, prevails here in a remarkable degree. The children, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, meet together in Lady L——T——'s school, in perfect harmony. The Roman Catholic and Protestant clergymen are personal friends; and during a severe illness of the former, the latter passed many hours daily at the sick bed of the invalid.

In the adjoining little town of Inistioge, an air of comfort and neatness pervades the cottages of the poor. The gardens in front are well kept, and adorned with flowers ; and I observed no idlers—rather a remarkable circumstance, as they generally abound in Irish towns.

This house is situated on a fine woody height, and commands an extensive view of the windings of the river Nore, and the rich plain and mountain range beyond. The park surrounding it is large, contains much fine timber, and a great variety of scenery. Good roads and walks are skilfully managed, so as to show its beauties to advantage. Sometimes they wind around rugged mountains ; at others, by the side of rushing torrents or through fine woods, where a profusion of evergreens and wild creepers gives, even in this dreary month of January, quite a summer air to the scene.

To-day we drove to the river, and walked up a lovely glen, through which a tributary to the Nore forms several picturesque falls. A Swiss cottage is well placed on a rocky height, which rises perpendicularly over the principal water-

fall. It is a favorite resort for pic-nic parties, who often come from great distances to enjoy the scenery of this place, and on applying for permission, they are allowed to dine in the pretty room which overlooks the cascade.

We returned by the banks of the river, and made several sketches of its varied and interesting views. The ruins of Clewen Castle stand on a rocky height which projects over the river, and forms a fine feature in the landscape. It is also seen in the distance, with the windings of the river, in the extensive prospect which the window of this room (where I am now writing) commands. I have made a sketch of it, which is here given.

Clewen Castle belonged formerly to the Fitzgeralds, and is now fallen to ruin in a very peculiar manner. The four corners of its large square tower are rent asunder ; and through the fissures thus formed, the wind howls with a strange unearthly sound. A wild legend, which I give as related to me, accounts for this peculiarity of its destruction in the following manner :

[illegible][illegible]

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 200 million to 400 million. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion.



Sketched by Lady Chatterton. T. P. Ken. lith.

VIEW FROM WOODSTOCK. THE SEAT OF W. TIGHE, ESQ. - CO. KILKENNY.

Engraved by Alexander & Wiley, London. Sc. 1841.

Day & Haghe lith'd to the Queen.

The last Baron Fitzgerald to whom it belonged, gave one night a splendid feast within its walls. He was boasting of his wealth, and of the uninterrupted prosperity which his family had enjoyed for many generations, when a person describing herself as a poor widow, came to the door and begged for charity. Fitzgerald repelled her with disdain, and angrily reproved her for interrupting his enjoyment.

The widow immediately assumed the form of a banshee—that well-known apparition, which always foreboded death to one of the ancient family of Fitzgerald. The baron and his guests trembled at the sight, and their mirth was turned into sadness. But after a few minutes, Fitzgerald gazed steadfastly on the supernatural being, who still remained under the great gateway of the banquetting-hall, and said to his companions,

“Let not your hearts be sad; if my hour is come, I will die bravely, as my fathers have done.”

“You will not die as your fathers did,” said the banshee, “for they fell on the battle-field,

and their spirits now dwell with God ; because during their lives they were ever mindful of the poor. No beggar was ever turned from their doors ; and therefore a blessing attended them and their possessions. Proud baron ! your hour draws near, and I came to try your heart. If I had found it open to charity, your race would have continued long to enjoy its ancient greatness ; but now that you have proved unworthy, you shall miserably perish ! This castle, under whose splendid roof you have forgotten that the poor dwelt without, exposed to the howling tempest—this proud castle shall be rent asunder ; and as long as the world lasts, its ruined halls shall remain open to the four winds of heaven !”

So saying, the banshee disappeared in a loud clap of thunder—the castle was struck by lightning, and the great tower which contained the banqueting-room, was torn asunder at the four corners. The roof fell in upon the baron and his guests, and thus perished the last of that powerful branch of Fitzgeralds, or Geraldines, as they were generally called.

Woodstock has some interesting memorials of by-gone days. The churchyard of Inistioge contains a fine monument, erected to the memory of Mrs. Henry Tighe, the authoress of "Psyche." Though her residence was at Rosanna, in the county of Wicklow, yet much of her time was passed here. Amid these lovely scenes she composed her last poem ; and here, at the early age of thirty-seven, she died. This, her last poem, was written on receiving a branch of Mezereon, which flowered at Woodstock in December, 1809. It begins—

" Odours of spring, my sense ye charm

With fragrance premature ;

And, 'mid these days of dark alarm,

Almost to hope allure.

Methinks with purpose soft ye come,

To tell of brighter hours,—

Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,

Her sunny gales and showers !

" Alas ! for me shall May in vain

The powers of life restore ;

These eyes, that weep and watch in pain,

Shall see her charms no more !"

It was from this house, as I have already said, that the late Lady Eleanor Butler, so well known as one of the eccentric "Ladies of Llangollen," finally made, her escape, and took with her the housekeeper who had lived for some time in this family.

Thursday.—We left Woodstock yesterday, and arrived at Clonmell at three o'clock, after a very stormy and disagreeable journey. We were rather dismayed at the miserable appearance of the inn where we had to pass the night and the remaining hours of the cold windy day. The entrance, passage, and part of the staircase were covered with wet dirty straw. The sitting-room smelt strongly of smoking and whiskey, and the bed-room of damp and want of air.

However, with a determination to be pleased, the annoyance of these sort of discomforts soon wears off, and we can always find something to excite our interest. On going down the dirty staircase, I discovered in the deep recess of the

old window some fine geraniums and other flowers, always a charming sight. Then, as the interior of the sitting-room was not very attractive, I looked out of the window, and a pleasing object arrested my attention—a pretty woman in an opposite house, caressing a lovely child, with all the buoyant joy of a young mother's affection. To a mind in a healthy state, there is something very catching in happiness; so that though suffering ourselves, we often feel happy at the sight of happiness in others.

Towards evening the weather cleared up, and we were glad to emerge from our dingy apartment into the pure air.

We had an agreeable walk by the river side, and saw a group of women washing and beetling linen, in the full glee of their lively national temperament. Their dress showed that they were amongst the poorest of the poor. One very pretty girl had the tattered remnants of an old brown stuff gown, and scanty strips of a bright crimson petticoat, hanging about her in pictu-

resque disorder. Beneath the flimsy drapery appeared her well-formed bare legs, against which the stream was rippling. Her costume realized the expressive Irish definition of "ragged attire." I have often heard, "Plaze yer honor, I've hardly a tack to cover me, good or bad; and as for Mary, she's *flying*!"

Our picturesque washing-girl, despite her tatters, had her hair carefully arranged. It was gathered up behind her small head, in the classical knot of a Grecian statue. Her animated countenance sparkled with fun, and her lively sallies excited shouts of laughter from the merry group. Here was another sight to make us happy and to raise our spirits.

Besides the present enjoyment derived from trying, under whatever circumstances we may be placed, "to find good in every thing," it has another advantage,—that we thus often acquire a store of pleasant reminiscences to comfort us in hours of sickness and gloom, and inspire us with the hope and confidence that the same Providence which has enabled us to derive pleasing impressions from apparently trivial ob-

jects in times of distress, will never quite forsake us.

One of the great pleasures of travelling in Ireland is the conviction that every trifle spent gladdens many hearts, and does more good than four times the same sum would do in England. This idea must reconcile us to the bad accommodation we sometimes meet with; and after all, its defects are more in appearance than reality. At the very unpromising inn at Clonmell, we got an excellent dinner; eggs, cream, potatoes, and butter, are invariably good; far superior to what the best-appointed English country inns can produce; this being the case, even the most fastidious traveller runs no risk of starvation.

We left Clonmell early the following morning, and admired the scenery through which we passed. The road follows the course of the broad and clear river Suire till it approaches Knocklofty, Lord Donoughmore's handsome place, and then winds among the heights.

What struck me most during the long day's journey were the ruins of Ardfinnan Castle, a

place celebrated in the wars of Cromwell. It stands on a perpendicular rock at the turn of the river, over which there is a very picturesque bridge. On viewing the castle before we passed this bridge, the ruined and ivy-clad towers and battlements looked frowning and gloomy.

A driving storm of rain and wind beat violently against the ruin; and the swollen river dashed and foamed in dark fury against the rocks. All nature seemed combining to finish the work of destruction, which the horrors of civil war had begun. When we had traversed the river and wound slowly up the opposite height, how changed was the scene on which we turned to look again! One of those caprices of the elements, one of those sudden transitions of light and shade, had occurred, which give so much brilliant variety to the scenery of Ireland.

A bright gleam of sunshine had traversed the stormy sky, and brought out into strong relief the beautiful colouring of the stone walls, and the glittering ivy which adorned them. From this point we obtained a better view of the whole castle, the old round tower on the north

side, and the square one which overhangs the river, with its projecting battlements; the extensive range of outworks, and the gothic windows of the roofless chapel.

In the now brilliant sunshine the river seemed to dance and sparkle as it hurried through the many arches of the long bridge, and dashed more in sport than anger against the purple rocks; then winding in tranquil majesty, it seemed to repose itself among the green meadows, in which some dark red cows and shaggy goats were quietly browsing.

CHAPTER XIV.

Visit to Castlemartyr—Lismore, and Historical Associations connected with it.

Castle Martyr, Friday, January.—THIS is the bitter month of January, and snow is on the ground ; yet I am just returned from a delightful walk in the garden here, amid groves of camelia-japonicas and myrtles in full bloom. The camelias are very remarkable, being as large as a moderate-sized laurel tree, and have lived in the open air through many winters. It was most strange to see little flakes of snow resting on the fine red blossoms and highly polished leaves of this beautiful shrub, a plant which in England I never saw out of a green-house or warm room. Here it grows in the greatest profusion too, not only in the regular flower-

garden, but its brilliant flowers may be seen occasionally under the fine oak and ash trees of the park, forming a striking contrast to its now leafless woods, whose rugged stems and branches are sprinkled with frost and snow !

This is a very comfortable house, and a pleasant party is now staying here. It was built by the late Lord Shannon, near the ruins of the old castle, which has belonged to the family ever since the days of their great ancestor the first Earl of Cork. The portrait of this remarkable man hangs in the dining-room. He lived in Queen Elizabeth's time, and some of his strange history I shall mention when we visit Lismore.

Lord Boyle has shewed me the original manuscript of a diary which his ancestor kept, and also some letters and papers of Oliver Cromwell, who occupied at one time this old castle. The drawing-room is a large and beautiful apartment, and contains some good pictures.

Lismore, June.—Where we have spent a delightful day. This place is remarkable and inter-

esting for many reasons, besides the extreme beauty of its situation. It was here that Alfred the Great is said to have studied, and from hence derived that learning which rendered him so useful to his country. In the year 636 Lismore was already a bishop's see. In speaking of it, an old writer says, "Half of it is an asylum, into which no woman dares to enter; and thither holy men flock in great numbers, not only from Ireland, but also from England and Britain, being desirous to move from thence to Christ."

The castle was built by King John, and some of the towers erected at that early period still remain. In the sixteenth century, it was granted, with a considerable portion of the forfeited estates of the Desmonds, to Sir Walter Raleigh. The associations connected with the memory of that remarkable man alone would render this place interesting. It was in the civil wars of Ireland that Sir Walter Raleigh first distinguished himself, and laid the foundation of his future glory. Here commenced, too, his friendship with the poet Spenser, whom he

afterwards introduced to the notice of Queen Elizabeth. The poet has immortalized this friendship in his beautiful poem, called the "Shepherd of the Ocean ;" and his introduction to the Queen is alluded to in these lines :

" The Shepherd of the ocean

Unto that goddess' grace me first enhanced,
And to mine oaten pipe inclined her ear,
That she therein thenceforth 'gan take delight,
And it desired at timely hours to hear."

This friendship, therefore, with Spenser, must have been a bright spot in his residence amid the turbulent civil wars which devastated the country in those times, for Raleigh calls Ireland that " lost land, that commonwealth of common woe."

As I walked on the terrace of the old castle, and gazed on the magnificent view it commands, I thought with pleasure that two such poetic minds as those of Spenser and Raleigh may here have thought and talked together, and felt the whole charm of the scene. A place like this may well have given rise to impressions

calculated, in some degree, to counteract the effect of turbulence and disorder, and to have produced the frame of mind in which Raleigh penned some of those beautiful lines which are full of a truly religious spirit.

Sir Walter Raleigh sold his Irish estates to Mr. Boyle, who afterwards became the celebrated Earl of Cork, and was the founder of five great families. I was glad to see the motto of this remarkable man still gracing the outer gateway of the castle—"God's Providence is my inheritance:" and the blessing of Providence seems indeed to have attended not only all he did during his life, but has been continued to his descendants and their possessions. Lismore certainly looks as if there was a blessing on it.

A great part of the castle remains much in the same state in which it was during the life of this first Earl of Cork; and we were shown the room in which his fourth son, the celebrated Robert Boyle, was born: it looks on the river and mountains, and commands one of the finest and most varied prospects I have ever seen.

In the room underneath, there is a good por-

trait of this remarkable man. His countenance expresses that look of intellectual repose, of calm enjoyment, which we can imagine must have belonged to one who spent so much of his time in study for the improvement and good of his fellow-creatures. Besides all his other merits, Robert Boyle was the first person who caused the Bible to be translated into Irish, and distributed among the poor. He says, when speaking of the sacred volume, "The Bible is indeed among books what the diamond is among stones—the most precious and most sparkling, the most apt to scatter light, and yet the most solid and proper to make impressions."

This great philosopher, this man accustomed to solve mysteries in nature, and who was looked up to by all the great men of the day, even he, bowed down with child-like humility to the mysteries of our religion. In another place, when speaking of some of the abstruse parts of the Bible, he says, "Those passages which are so obscure as to teach us nothing else, may at least teach us humility." What a Christian spirit of toleration and charity breathes, too, in the following lines :

“ I use the Scriptures, not as an arsenal to be resorted to only for arms and weapons, to defend this party, or defeat its enemies, but as a matchless temple, where I delight to be, to contemplate the beauty, the symmetry, and the magnificence of the structure, and to increase my awe and excite my devotion to the Deity there preached and adored.”

It is, I think, most pleasant to ramble over the place where the youth of a man who did so much good to the Irish poor was passed ; to think, that from some early impression produced here—perhaps the daily sight of nature in its loveliest form—those feelings of devotion and humble faith in the Christian religion may have been kindled, which afterwards made him the instrument of salvation to so many souls.

In the dining-room is a large bay-window, which projects over the rock, at the bottom of which the river flows. Here the unfortunate King James dined when on a visit to the castle.

Smith says, in his old History of Lismore, that “ The king, on going to look out at the

window, started back in a surprise. One does not perceive at the entrance into the castle, that the building is situated on such an eminence ; nor can a stranger know it, till he looks out of the window, which in respect to the castle is but a ground-floor." This was written nearly a hundred years ago ; but the window and form of the room remain the same, and we were as much astonished at the height it overlooks as poor King James.

This room is now adorned with some good tapestry, which the Duke of Devonshire sent over. It represents some of Teniers' pictures, and put me in mind of the tapestry which covers the walls of the room at Chiswick, in which Fox died. This led me to think of the numerous interesting places in different parts of the country, which belong to the Duke of Devonshire. I have described some of the impressions produced on my mind by the historical associations connected with Chiswick. He has many others, which, like Lismore, would furnish fertile subject for interesting reflection ; and Howitt

has well described Bolton Abbey in his "Visits to Remarkable Places."

I made the annexed sketch from the Duke's bed-room window, which is on the story above King James's room, and looks down the river and its windings. The little town of Cappoquin forms a pretty object in the middle distance, and beyond are seen the fine range of Knockmeldown mountains.

We remarked a few good pictures in the castle; amongst them a portrait of Strafford, and his secretary, said to be by Vandyke.

The gardens are in high order, and the finest Rhododendrons I have seen in Ireland are now in full bloom. They are of every variety of hue and form, growing in tall shrubs as well as thick hedges, which, like a wall of bright colours, divide the different portions of the garden. A dark walk of overshadowing yew trees looks so old and venerable, that one may almost expect to see Raleigh or Robert Boyle strolling beneath their shade.

From the lower garden, which extends along the eastern side of the castle near the ruins of



Designed by Lady Clatterton

Designed & Engraved by the Queen

VIEW OF THE RIVER BLACKWATER, FROM LISMORE, CASTLE (COWWATERFORD) THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

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